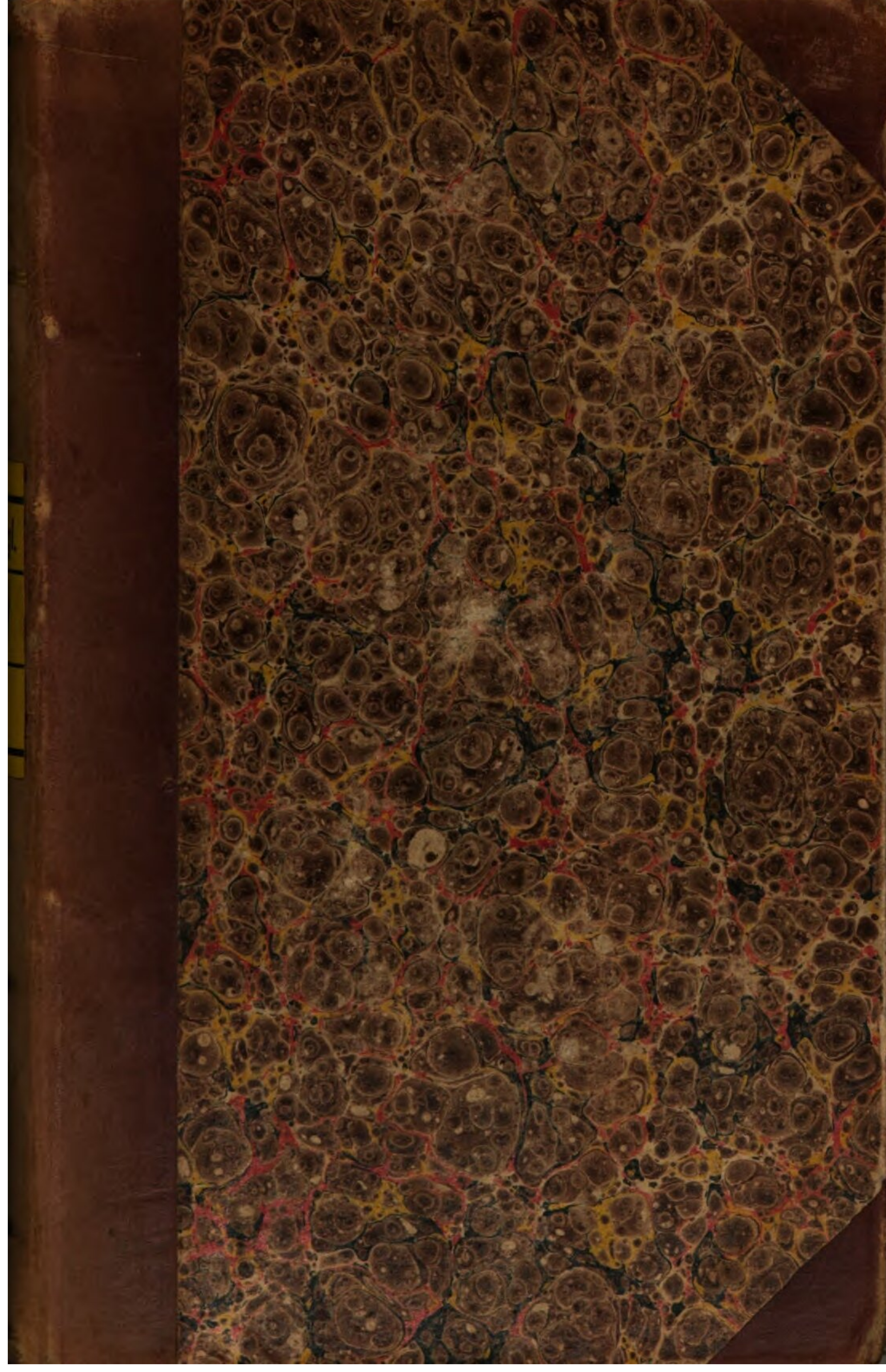




78/70

Handwritten mark or signature

7817000



POPE.

As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising bladders paint the wat'ry glass.
But since those graces please thy eyes no more
I than the fountains which I sought before.
Vide Summer Pastoral II. Vol I. page 36.

POPE'S WORKS,
Vol. II. forming part of
Cooke's Pocket Edition of
the Original & Complete Works of
SELECT BRITISH POETS,
or Entertaining Poetical Library
containing the most Esteemed
Poetic Productions
Superbly Embellished.



Embellished under the direction of C. Cooke, Decr 13 1806.
Vide title on 27. the title page, Vol. II.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON,

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

Cooke's Edition.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one-----
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Brown.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, Paternoster Row,
by R. M'Donald, 13, Green Arbour Court, and
sold by all the Booksellers in the
United Kingdom.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS AND
IMPROVEMENTS
FROM THE TEXT OF DR. HARRINGTON
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

VOL. II.

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.
For the Proprietors, by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

7817000

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS
IMITATIONS OF HORACE, | EPISTLES,
SATIRES OF DR. DONNE, | EPITAPHS,
ODES, | MISCELLANIES,
THE DUNCIAD.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh, master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise-----
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
Shall then this Verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring Pride--whatever is, is right-----
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is--ourselves to know?

Essay on Man.

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

**Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München**



POPE'S POEMS.

Tears still are mine and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer,
No happier task those faded eyes pursue,
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Wile Vol. III. p. 110. line 45.

Engraved by J. Goussier.

Printed for C. Cooke, Alder Street, 1807.

Engraved by J. Neagle





POPE.

ALL human VIRTUE, to its latest breath,
Ends Ever never conquer'd but by Death.

The Rape of the Lock.

POPE'S POEMS.



Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought a vast profound,
Plung'd for his sense but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.

Vide Dunciad Vol. II. Book 1. Page 206. line 117.

EPISTLE
TO
DR. ARBUTHNOT;

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the first Publication of this Epistle.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of "Verses to the Imitator of Horace," and of an "Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court"] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. "SHUT, shut the door, good John!" fatigued, I
said;

"Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead."

The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,

All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much be-mus'd in beer, 15
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
 Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain 21
 Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
 Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song,)
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? 30
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
 To laugh were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head,
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your peace nine years."

"Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury-
 Lane,

Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends: 44
 "The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
 I'm all submission; what you'd have it—make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound;—
 "My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound."

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace,
 I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—"But here's a letter
 Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
 He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse." 55

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd that the House rejects him, "'Sdeath, I'll
 print it,

And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:

"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks; 65

At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;

"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70

His very minister who spied them first

(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous
 things; 75

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,

'Tis nothing.—P. Nothing! if they bite and kick?

Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,

That secret to each fool, that he's an ass: 80

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)

The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break, 85
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world,
 Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew: 90
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer 95
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colly still his lord and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one bishop Philips seems a wit? 100
 Still Sappho.—*A.* Hold! for God's sake you'll of-
 fend;

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are who to my person pay their court: 115
 I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short;
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir, you have an eye—"
 Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
 All that disgrac'd my betters met in me. 120
 Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal Maro held his head:"

And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125

Dipp'd me in ink, my parents' or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:

I left no calling for this idle trade,

No duty broke, no father disobey'd, 130

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life,

To second, Arbuthnot, thy art and care,

And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? Granville, the polite, 135

And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,

And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd, my lays;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,

Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140

And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)

With open arms receiv'd one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!

Happier their author, when by these belov'd!

From these the world will judge of men and 145

books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence,

While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,

A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;

I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still:

Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;

I never answer'd; I was not in debt.

If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155

I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;

If wrong I smil'd, if right I kiss'd the rod.

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,

And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160

Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite;
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribbalds,
 From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds:
 Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry; I excus'd them too;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find, 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind.

That casting weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This who can gratify? for who can guess?
 The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a-crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines
 a-year;

He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left; 184
 And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
 All these my modest Satire bade translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate. 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 And swear not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
 Bless'd with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;

View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend; 205
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause; 210
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh if such a man there be!
Who would not weep if Atticus were he!

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals? 216
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight: 220
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day
song;

I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy daggled through the town, 225
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead 235
And a true Pindar stood without a head)

Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd every day, and some days eat; 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh; 245
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey-goose
 quill!

May every Bavius have his Bufo still! 250

So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Bless'd be the great! for those they take away, 255

And those they left me—for they left me Gay:

Left me to see neglected genius bloom,

Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:

Of all thy blameless life the sole return

My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!

O! let me live my own, and die so too! 261

(To live and die is all I have to do;)

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,

And see what friends, and read what books, I please;

Above a patron, though I condescend 265

Sometimes to call a minister my friend.

I was not born for courts or great affairs;

I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;

Can sleep without a poem in my head.

Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?

Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?

Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)

Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?

"I found him close with Swift."—"Indeed! no
doubt

275

(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;

"No; such a genius never can lie still;"

And then for mine obligingly mistakes

The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.

280

Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,

When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,

285

Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,

Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,

Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,

Who writes a libel, or who copies out;

290

That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,

Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;

Who can your merit selfishly approve,

And shew the sense of it without the love;

Who has the vanity to call you friend,

295

Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,

And, if he lie not, must at least betray;

Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,

And sees at Canons what was never there;

300

Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,

Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;

A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,

But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,

Sporus! that mere white curd of asses' milk?

306

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel!

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,

This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;

310

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,

Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks,
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
 His wit all see-saw between that and this,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }
 And he himself one vile antithesis. 325 }
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart;
 Fop at the toilette, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus, the Rabbins have exprest, 330
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
 Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud nor servile, be one's poet's praise,
 That if he pleas'd he pleas'd by manly ways;
 That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song;
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own;

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355
 The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past;
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave to me in every state;
 Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
 This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
 So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber; nay, has rhym'd for
 Moore.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
 To please a mistress one aspers'd his life; 376
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;
 Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and Muse:
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool;
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore;
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in virtue or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)

Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own; 390

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,

Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,

Stranger to civil and religious rage,

The good man walk'd innoxious through his age : 395

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,

Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,

No language but the language of the heart.

By nature honest, by experience wise, 400

Healthy by temperance and by exercise;

His life, though long, to sickness past unknown;

His death was instant, and without a groan.

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!

Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine! 406

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:

Me let the tender office long engage

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep awhile one parent from the sky!

On cares like these, if length of days attend,

May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene, 416

And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,

Thus far was right;—the rest belongs to Heaven.

SATIRES, EPISTLES,

AND

ODES OF HORACE,

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. *Hor.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage--the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis. P.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whoever expects a paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius or manner of writing, in these Imitations, will be much disappointed. Our author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas; and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest, and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his original, than was necessary for his concurrence in promoting their common plan of reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace, with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendour of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another

model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius; and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself with turning into ridicule.

If it be asked, then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his Advertisement; to which we may add, that this sort of Imitation, which is of the nature of Parody, throws reflected grace and splendour on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

BOOK II. SAT. I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
 There are to whom my satire seems too bold;
 Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.
 The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say; 5
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
 Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
 I come to counsel learned in the law:
 You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
 Advice; and (as you use) without a fee. 10

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
 I nod in company, I wake at night;
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
 Why, if the night seem tedious—take a wife: 16
 Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,
 Lettuce and cowslip wine: *probatum est*,
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
 Or if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise; 21
 You'll gain at least a knighthood or the bays.

P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and
 fierce, [verse;
 With arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the
 Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
 With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay; 30
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their laureat twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays; 35
It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
Ev'n those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie:
Ridotta sips and dances till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she:
F— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another. 50

I love to pour out all myself as plain
As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next; 60
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.

My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,

Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory,
 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70
 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpeners, and directors.
 Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
 Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more: 75
 But touch me, and no minister so sore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burden of some merry song. 80

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage:
 Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page:
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 P--x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
 Its proper pow'r to hurt each creature feels; 85
 Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
 'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug:
 And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attends to gild the evening of my day,
 Or death's black wing already be display'd, 95
 To wrap me in the universal shade;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write:
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 Like Lee or Budgell I will rhyme and print. 100

F. Alas, young man, your days can ne'er be long;
 In flower of age you perish for a song!
 Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
 Will club their testers now to take your life.

P. What arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men, 106
 Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
 Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
 Lights of the church or guardians of the laws? 110
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatterers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 Could laureat Dryden pimp and friar engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not strip the gilding off a knave, 115
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
 I will, or perish in the generous cause:
 Hear this and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world in credit to his grave: 120
 To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
 The world beside may murmur or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.—

There my retreat the best companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place:
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
 And he whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
 Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain, 131
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own I live among the great,
 No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats: 136
 To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me. 140
 This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
 What saith my counsel learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.

It stands on record that in Richard's times 145
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
 Consult the statute; *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.
 See libels, satires—here you have it—read.
P. Libels and satires! lawless things indeed! 150
 But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
 Such as a king, might read, a bishop write,
 Such as Sir Robert would approve.—*F* Indeed!
 The case is alter'd—you may then proceed:
 In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd, 155
 My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

BOOK II. SAT. II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
 To live on little with a cheerful heart!
 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine;
 Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride 5
 Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
 Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
 But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

“Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
 Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd);
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.”

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
 Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.

Oldfield, with more than harpy-throat endued, 25
 Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"
 O blast it, south-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30

When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor;
 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see: 35
 Thus much is left of old simplicity!

The robin redbreast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a martin's nest,
 Till baccaficos sold so devilish dear
 To one that was, or would have been a peer. 40

Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head:
 Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other:
 Between excess and famine lies a mean;
 Plain but not sordid, tho' not splendid clean.

Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch) 50
 Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine:

But on some lucky day (as when they found 55
 A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
 Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side nor on that;
 Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;

Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass, 65
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
First health: the stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and reverend guest 75
Rise from a clergy or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal ev'n in sound divines. 80

On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy every labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet every Muse!
Not but we may exceed some holy time, 85
Or tir'd in search of truth or search of rhyme:
Ill-health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age:
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains? 90

Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home. 96
Why had not I in those good times in my birth.
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear, 100
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song)
Who has not learn'd fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy!

When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind, a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

“ Right, (cries his lordship) for a rogue in need
To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.”
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray, 115
And shine that superfluity away.

O impudence of wealth! with all thy store
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall; 120
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five *per cent*.

“ Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or, bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?”

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love would imitate the man.

In South-sea days, not happier, when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now excis'd;
In forest planted by a father's hand, 135
Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140

'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:

From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall, 145
 And grapes, long lingering on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The devil is in you if you cannot dine:

Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place),
 And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
 Though double-tax'd, how little have I lost!
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before and after standing armies came.

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone; 155
 I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? through whose free-opening
 gate

None comes too early, none departs too late;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160

“ Pray Heav'n it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;
 I wish to God this house had been your own!
 Pity! to build without a son or wife:
 Why you'll enjoy it only all your life.”

Well if the use be mine, can it concern one 165

Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

What's property? dear Swift!—you see it alter

From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;

Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share,

Or in a jointure vanish from the heir; 170

Or in pure equity (the case not clear)

The chancery takes your rents for twenty year:

At best it falls to some ungracious son

Who cries, “ My father's damn'd, and all's my own.”

Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175

Become the portion of a booby lord;

And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,

Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,

Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

BOOK II. SAT. VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714 BY
DR. SWIFT; THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTER-
WARDS.

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus: ' Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure;
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence;
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose,
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent,
Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown;
 'Lewis the Dean will be of use;
 Send for him up; take no excuse.'

35

The toil, the danger, of the seas,
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found,
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

40

'Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
 Let my lord know you're come to town.'

I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day,

45

And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green,
 How should I thrust myself between?

50

Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And, smiling, whispers to the next,
 'I thought the Dean had been too proud
 To jostle here among a crowd.'

Another, in a surly fit,

55

Tells me I have more zeal than wit;

'So eager to express your love,
 You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 But rudely press before a duke.'

I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,

60

And take it kindly meant, to show
 What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;

When twenty fools I never saw

Come with petitions fairly penn'd,

65

Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—

That begs my interest for a place—

A hundred other mens affairs,

Like bees are humming in my ears,

70

'To-morrow my appeal comes on,

Without your help the cause is gone.'—

' The duke expects my lord and you
 About some great affair at two.'—
 ' Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind 75
 To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
 Consider, 'tis my first request.'—
 ' Be satisfied I'll do my best:—
 Then presently he falls to teaze,
 ' You may for certain if you please; 80
 I doubt not if his lordship knew—
 And, Mr. Dean, one word word from you.'—
 'Tis (let me see) three years and more
 (October next it will be four)
 Since Harley bid me first attend, 85
 And chose me for an humble friend;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that:
 As, ' What's o'clock?' and, ' How's the wind?'
 ' Whose chariot's that we left behind?' 90
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country signs;
 Or, ' Have you nothing new to-day
 From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'
 Such tattle often entertains 95
 My lord and me as far as Staines,
 As once a-week we travel down
 To Windsor and again to town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*,
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross. 100
 Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd me so well.
 ' How think you of our friend the Dean?
 I wonder what some people mean;
 My lord and he are grown so great, 105
 Always together *tête à tête*.
 What! they admire him for his jokes—
 See but the fortune of some folks!
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at court; 110
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in every street.

' You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us will the Emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?'— 115

' Faith, sir, you know as much as I.'—
' Ah! doctor, how you love to jest;
'Tis now no secret.'—' I protest
'Tis one to me.'—' Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?' 120

And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost, 125
My choicest hours of life are lost,
Yet always wishing to retreat:

O, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep or peruse some ancient book, 130

And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noon! and nights divine!

Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below, 135
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,

The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum;
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,

And ev'n the very dogs at ease! 140
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,

A neighbour's madness or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the houses;
But something much more our concern, 145

And quite a scandal not to learn;
Which is the happier or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?

Whether we ought to chuse our friends
For their own worth or our own ends? 150
What good, or better, we may call,

And what the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)

A tale extremely *à propos*:

Name a town life, and in a trice 155

He had a story of two mice.

Once on a time (so runs the fable)

A country mouse, right hospitable,

Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,

Just as a farmer might a lord. 160

A frugal mouse, upon the whole,

Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;

Knew what was handsome, and would do't,

On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.

He brought him bacon, (nothing lean,) 165

Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean;

Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,

But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;

Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,

He ate himself the rind and paring. 170

Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,

But show'd his breeding and his wit;

He did his best to seem to eat,

And cried, 'I vow you're mighty neat:

But, lord, my friend, this savage scene! 175

For god's sake come and live with men:

Consider, mice, like men, must die,

Both small and great, both you and I,

Then spend your life in joy and sport:

(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.) 180

The veriest hermit in the nation

May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Away they came through thick and thin,

To a tall house near Lincoln's inn,

('Twas on the night of a debate, 185

When all their lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place where if a poet

Shin'd in description he might show it;

Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,

And tips with silver all the walls; 190

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,

Grôtesco roofs, and stucco floors:

But let it (in a word) be said,
 The moon was up and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red: 195
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat *tête à tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
 ' *Que ça est bon! Ah goutez ça!*
 That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
 Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.'
 Was ever such a happy swain!
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205
 ' I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
 To eat so much—but all's so good—
 I have a thousand thanks to give—
 My lord alone knows how to live.'
 No sooner said, but from the hall 210
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
 ' A rat, a rat! clap to the door'—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 O for the art of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice! 215
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your damn'd stucco has no chink)
 ' An't please your honour,' quoth the peasant,
 ' This same desert is not so pleasant:
 Give me again my hollow tree, 220
 A crust of bread and liberty!'

BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
 Why will you break the sabbath of my days?
 Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
 Public too long, ah, let me hide my age; 5
 See modest Cibber now has left the stage:

Our generals now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding ev'n in Brunswick's cause. 10

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take
breath,

And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force, 15
You limp, like Blackmore, on a lord mayor's horse.

Farewell then verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all; 20
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what doctors I apply?
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock, 25
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
Free as young Lyttleton her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and sometimes warm as true. 30
Sometimes with Aristippus or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide,

Long as to him who works for debt the day, 35
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul; 40
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day;
That task which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure, 45
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort not to be a fool,
Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite, 50
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep the limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know there are words and spells which can control,
Between the fits, this fever of the soul;
Know there are rhymes which, fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch or a Low-Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor, 65
And the first wisdom to be fool no more:
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty! 70
See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views thy long desires, 75
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wisdom calls, "Seek virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver virtue is to gold."
There London's voice, "Get money, money still!
And then let virtue follow if she will." 80
This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth, abounds; 85
 "Pray then what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
 pounds;

A pension, or such harness for a slave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimont would have.
 Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth:
 But Bug and D^l, their Honours! and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."

True conscious honour is to feel no sin:
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
 Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass; 95
 Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted peers,
 Or what was spoke at Cressy and Poitiers? 100

Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
 With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
 Get place and wealth, if possible with grace;
 If not, by any means get wealth and place."

For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the circle eye a king.

Or he who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through, }
 And while he bids thee, sets th' example too? }
 If such a doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
 Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;
 If honest S^z take scandal at a spark

That less admires the palace than the park;
 Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave;
 "I cannot like, dread sir! your royal cave; 115

Because I see, by all the tracts about,
 Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
 Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave:

Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120

The people are a many headed beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue
 Who know themselves so little what to do?

Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
 Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main:
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews:
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
 Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn; 130
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
 While with the silent growth of ten *per cent*.
 In dirt and darkness hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone; 135
 But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
 To act consistent with himself an hour.
 Sir Job sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich
 hill."

Up starts a palace; lo, th' obedient base 140
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
 Now let some whimsey, or that devil within
 Which guides all those who know not what they }
 mean,

But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen, 145
 "Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
 For snug's the word: my dear we'll live in town."

At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?—
 That very night he longs to lie alone.
 The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151

Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
 Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?— }
 Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch; }
 They change their weekly barber, weekly news, 155
 Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
 Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
 They hire their sculler, and when once aboard
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord. 160

You laugh, half beau, half sloven, if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 You laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!
 But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd, 165
 Is half so incoherent as my mind,
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ebb and flow of follies all my life,)
 I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;
 You never change one muscle of your face, 171
 You think this madness but a common case;
 Nor once to chancery nor to Hale apply,
 Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure—not to me.
 Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
 This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That man divine whom wisdom calls her own, 180
 Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
 Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
 Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power;
 At home though exil'd; free though in the Tower;
 In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing, 185
 Just less than Jove, and much above a king:
 Nay, half in heav'n---except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of vapours clouds this demigod.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

'NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
 To make men happy, and to keep them so.'
 (Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flowers of
 speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
 Self-center'd sun, and stars that rise and fall,

There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
 Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies;
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view this dreadful all—without a fear. 10

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
 All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
 Or popularity? or stars and strings? }

The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings? 15
 Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
 And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 In either case, believe me, we admire:

Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away; 25
 For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
 The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;
 Procure a taste to double the surprise, 30

And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes;
 Be struck with bright brocade or Tyrian dye,
 Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.

If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice
 To see their judgments hang upon thy voice; 35
 From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.

But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
 Shall one whom nature, learning, birth, conspir'd 40

To form not to admire but be admir'd,
 Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
 Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?

Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
 It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine. 45

And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze and pass away.

Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the house of lords:

Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh, 50
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!

Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone? 55

See Ward, by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.

The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.

Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains; 61 }
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike disowns, 65
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.

Is wealth thy passion? hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll; 70
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:

Advance the golden mountain to the skies:
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise;
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square:

For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last. 80

A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse.)

His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds:
 Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
 Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
 Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word you must be rich indeed: 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
 Something which for your honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.
 If wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

But if to power and place your passion lie,
 If in the pomp of life consists the joy,
 Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
 To do the honours, and to give the word; 100
 Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
 "This may be troublesome, is near the chair; 105
 That makes three members, this can choose a may'r."
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest. } 110

Or if your life be one continued treat, 110
 If to live well means nothing but to eat;
 Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
 So Russel did, but could not eat at night; 115
 Call'd happy dog the beggar at his door,
 And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
 Or shall we every decency confound,
 Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round?
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo 120
 K**l's lewd cargo, or Ty**y's crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circean feasts,
 Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;

Or for a titled punk or foreign flame
 Renounce our country, and degrade our name? 125
 If, after all, we must with Wilmot* own
 The cordial drop of life is love alone,
 And Swift cry wisely, "*Vive la bagatelle!*"
 The man that loves and laughs must sure do wel.
 Adieu—if this advice appear the worst, 130
 Ev'n take the counsel which I gave you first;
 Or better precepts if you can impart;
 Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VII.

IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word
 I would be with you June the third;
 Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
 Have kept it—as you do at court.
 You humour me when I am sick, 5
 Why not when I am splenetic?
 In town what objects could I meet?
 The shops shut up in every street,
 And funerals blackening all the doors,
 And yet more melancholy whores: 10
 And what a dust in every place?
 And a thin court that wants your face,
 And fevers raging up and down,
 And W* and H** both in town!
 'The dog-days are no more the case.' 15
 'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your bard retire,
 Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
 And you shall see the first warm weather
 Me and the butterflies together. 20
 My lord, your favours well I know;
 'Tis with distinction you bestow,
 And not to every one that comes,
 Just as a Scotsman does his plums.

* Earl of Rochester.

' Pray take them sir—enough's a feast :

25

Eat some, and pocket up the rest'—

What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!

' No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.'

Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,

Contriving never to oblige ye.

30

Scatter your favours on a fop,

Ingratitude's the certain crop;

And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,

You give the things you never care for.

A wise man always is or shou'd

35

Be mighty ready to do good :

But makes a difference in his thought

Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me

A safe companion, and a free ;

40

But if you'd have me always near—

A word, pray, in your honour's car :

I hope it is your resolution

To give me back my constitution,

The sprightly wit, the lively eye,

45

Th' engaging smile, the gaiety

That laugh'd down many a summer sun,

And kept you up so oft till one ;

And all that voluntary vein,

As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

50

A weasel once made shift to slink

In at a corn-loft through a chink,

But having amply stuff'd his skin,

Could not get out as he got in ;

Which one belonging to the house

55

('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)

Observing, cried, ' You 'scape not so :

Lean as you came, sir, you must go.'

Sir, you may spare your application,

I'm no such beast, nor his relation,

60

Nor one that temperance advance,

Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans ;

Extremely ready to resign

That may make me none of mine.

South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease,

65

'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.

'Give me,' I cried, '(enough for me,)

My bread and independency!

70

So bought an annual rent or two,

And liv'd—just as you see I do;

Near fifty, and without a wife,

I trust that sinking fund my life.

Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,

75

Shrink back to my paternal cell.

A little house with trees a-row,

And, like its master, very low;

There died my father, no man's debtor,

And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

80

To set this matter full before ye,

Our old friend Swift will tell his story.

'Harley, the nation's great support—'

But you may read it, I stop short.

84

BOOK II. EPISTLE I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire: but to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri*, &c. the other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries; first, against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the

writers for the theatre; and lastly, against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character. P.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a monarch steal 5
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdued, or property secur'd, 10
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd,
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath, 15
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last:
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name 25
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame;

Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
 As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
 Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes,
 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

Just in one instance, be it yet confest,
 Your people, sir, are partial in the rest;
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.

Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green; 40
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
 In every public virtue we excel; 45
 We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well;
 And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wit as well as wine,
 Say at what age a poet grows divine? 50
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so
 Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
 End all dispute; and fix the year precise
 When British bards began t' immortalize?

'Who lasts a century can have no flaw; 55
 I hold that wit a classic good in law.'

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
 And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once
 At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce? 60

'We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
 By courtesy of England he may do.'

Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt down ancients like a heap of snow, 65
 While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,

And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakspeare (whom you and every play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despight.

Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come in every poet's creed.

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:

Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art;

But still I love the language of his heart.

' Yet surely, surely these were famous men!

What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80

In all debates where critics bear a part,

Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,

Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;

How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
writ;

How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow; 85

But for the passion, Southern, sure, and Rowe!

These, only these, support the crowded stage,

From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; the people's voice is odd;

It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

To Gammer Gurton if it gives the bays,

And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

Or say our fathers never broke a rule,

Why then, I say, the public is a fool.

But let them own that greater faults than we 95

They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser himself affects the obsolete,

And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet;

Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,

Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;

In quibbles angel and archangel join, 101

And God the father turns a school-divine.

Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,

Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook;

Or damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected fool 105
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er;) 110
One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought, that gleams through many a
page,

Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
When works are censur'd not as bad, but new;
While if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow; 120

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but perhaps a muster-roll of names)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125

And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And having once been wrong will be so still. 130

He who, to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires;
And to debase the sons exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135

What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd, 140
In every taste of foreign courts improv'd,
'All by the king's example liv'd and lov'd.'

Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel,
 Newmarket's glory rose as Britons fell;
 The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France, 145
 And every flowery courtier writ romance.
 Then marble soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding metal flow'd to human form;
 Lely on animated canvas stole
 The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul. 150
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at court;
 On each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through the eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
 Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
 Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
 Now for prerogatives, and now for laws;
 Effects unhappy! from a noble cause. 160

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
 Instruct his family in every rule,
 And send his wife to church, his son to school.
 To worship like his fathers was his care; 165
 To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
 To prove that luxury could never hold,
 And place on good security his gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
 Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich: 170
 Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays;
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
 To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
 And all our grace at table is a song.
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses' lie, 175
 Not **'s self e'er tells more fibs than I.
 When sick of Muse our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to shew our wit. 180

He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
 Ward tried on puppies and the poor, his drop;

Ev'n Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile? 185
 (Should Ripley venture all the world should smile:)
 But those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect; the mischief is not great:
 These madmen never hurt the church or state: 190
 Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
 And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
 Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind, 195
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
 To cheat a friend or ward he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
 And then—a perfect hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the man, you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;
 Yet let me shew a poet's of some weight,
 And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
 What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place?
 And speak in public with some sort of grace?
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210
 Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse some courtly strains) 215
 No whiter page than Addison remains:
 He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the passions on the side of truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
 Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause,
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws,

And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
 'The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd.'
 Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure 225
 Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
 Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
 And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;
 The boys and girls whom charity maintains 231
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
 How could devotion touch the country pews
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
 And heaven is won by violence of song. 240

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
 With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants, share,
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care: 246
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And taunts alternate innocently flew. 250

But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
 At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to flattery's side; but some, more
 nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260

Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captives' charms,
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265

Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join }
The varying verse, the full resounding line, }
The long majestic march, and energy divine; }
Though still some traces of our rustic vein, 270
And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.

Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine and Corneille's noble fire
Shew'd us that France had something to admire. 275

Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway, shone;
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known images of life I guess
The labour greater as th' indulgence less. 285

Observe how seldom e'en the best succeed;
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astrea tread, 290
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!

And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our poet's work is done;
Alike to them by pathos or by pun. 295

O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!

Who pants for glory finds but short repose; 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
 Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play
 The silly bards grow fat or fall away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
 The many-headed monster of the pit; 305
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
 Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.

What dear delight to Britons farce affords! 310
 Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords;
 (Taste! that eternal wanderer, which flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

The play stands still; damn action and discourse;
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse; 315

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
 The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
 With laughter sure Democritus had died, 320
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.

Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!
 Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends!

Loud as the wolves on Orcas' stormy steep
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plumes, or Oldfield's petticoat;
 Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
 “But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. 335

“What shook the stage, and made the people stare?”
 Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,

Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340
 To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
 'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
 With pity and with terror tear my heart, 345
 And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
 Alone deserves the favour of the great.
 Think of those authors, sir, who would rely 350
 More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
 How shall we fill a library with wit,
 When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355

My liege! why writers little claim your thought
 I guess, and with their leave will tell the fault.
 We poets are (upon a poet's word)
 Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:
 The season when to come and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience just like other men.
 Then, too, we hurt ourselves when, to defend
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365
 Repeat unask'd; lament the wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out every line:
 But most when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write epistles to the king;
 And from the moment we oblige the town, 370
 Expect a place or pension from the crown;
 Or, dubb'd historians, by express command,
 T' enrol our triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
 As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
 Ah! think what poet best may make them known;
 Or choose at least some minister of grace,
 Fit to bestow the laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
 And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding steed:
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
 But kings in wit may want discerning spirit. 385
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles,
 Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
 'No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.'

Not with such majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The form august of kings, or conquering chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your arms, your actions, your repose, to sing! 395
 What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!
 How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
 And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
 How when you nodded, o'er the land and deep 400
 Peace stole her wings, and wrapp'd the world in sleep,
 Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
 But verse, alas! your majesty disdains:
 And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains. 405
 The zeal of fools offends at any time,
 But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise they say I bite.
 A vile encomium doubly ridicules; 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
 'Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.'
 Well may he blush who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
 (Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings,)
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or fluttering in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho. 419

BOOK II. EPISTLE II.

DEAR col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend !
You love a verse ; take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—" This lad, sir, is of Blois :
Observe his shape how clean ! his locks how curl'd !
My only son, I'd have him see the world : 6
His French is pure ; his voice too—you shall hear.
Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a-year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholsterer ; what you please :
A perfect genius at an opera song— 11
To say too much might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues, on my word ;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord.
But, sir, to you with what would I not part ? 15
Though, faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's
heart.

Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry :
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
(Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal." 20

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad ?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
Who sent the thief, that stole the cash away, 25
And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
I told you when I went I could not write ;
You said the same ; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent ? 30
Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time !
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In Anna's wars a soldier, poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold :
Tir'd in a tedious march, one luckless night 35
He slept, (poor dog !) and lost it, to a doit.

This put the man in such a desperate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
 "Prodigious well!" his great commander cried;
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter) 45
 "Go on, my friend," he cried, "see yonder walls!
 Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?—
 "D'ye think me, noble general! such a sot? 50
 Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Bred up at home full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son:
 Besides, my father taught me from a lad
 The better art, to know the good from bad; 55
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove)
 But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
 And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust, 60
 Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
 Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
 While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
 For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind; 65
 And me the Muses help to undergo it;
 Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
 If I would scribble rather than repose.

Years following years steal something every day;
 At last they steal us from ourselves away;
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend. 75

This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
 What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?
 If every wheel of that unweary'd mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

But, after all, what would you have me do, 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two?

When this heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg: 85

Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests!

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme, can London be the place?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul, attends, 90
 In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and
 friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed;
 A poet begs me I will hear him read.
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury square— 95
 Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
 There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.—

'Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,
 And raise his mind above the mob he meets.'
 Not quite so well, however, as one ought: 100

A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two aldermen dispute it with an ass? 105

And peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own s-r-v-rence in a car?

Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas! to grottos and to groves we run 110

To ease and silence every Muse's son:
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's-court.

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? 114
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

The man who, stretch'd in Isis calm retreat,
 To books and study gives sev'n years complete,
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks an object new beneath the sun! 119

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air! }

And here, while town, and court, and city, roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part, 123
 Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother serjants saw,
 Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
 With equal talents these congenial souls,
 One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
 Each had a gravity would make you split, 131
 And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"
 "Your's Cowper's manner"—and "Your's Talbot's
 sense."

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
 Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
 Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.

Lord! how we strut through Merlin's cave, to see
 No poets there but Stephen, you, and me. 140

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.

"My dear Tibullus! (if that will not do,)
 Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145
 And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,
 To court applause by printing what I write! 150

But let the fit pass o'er; I'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each prais'd within is happy all day long:
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men who write such verse as we can read!
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
 That wants of force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay, though at court (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they'll degrade; and sometimes in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
 Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
 Or bid the new be English ages hence,
 (For use will father what's begot by sense;) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasure of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line; 175
 Then polish all with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
 'But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learnt to dance.'
 If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool:
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord; 185
 Who, though the house was up, delighted sate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
 In all but this a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
 Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.

Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short they
 cur'd:

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
 “My friends! (he cried) p-x take you for your care!
 That from a patriot of distinguish'd note 196
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.”

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
 Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
 There is a time when poets will grow dull; 200
 I'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school:
 To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
 I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,
 Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
 And keep the equal measure of the soul. 205

Soon as I enter at my country door
 My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
 Thoughts, which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
 Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot:
 There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
 I ask these sober questions of my heart.

If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
 You tell the doctor; when the more you have
 The more you want, why not, with equal ease,
 Confess as well your folly as disease? 215
 The heart resolves this matter in a trice;
 ‘Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.’

When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
 You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
 When servile chaplains cry that birth and place 220
 Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
 Look in that breast, most dirty dean! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.

Indeed could wealth bestow or wit or merit, 226
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give 230
 A property, that's your's on which you live.
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
 All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
 His ven'son too a guinea makes your own: 235
 He bought at thousands what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit:
 Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men, 240
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-Fen,
 Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
 Buy every pullet they afford to eat.
 Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
 Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
 The laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
 Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r,
 Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
 Ready by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
 Man? and for ever? wretch, what wouldst thou
 have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
 All vast possessions, (just the same the case
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase,) 255
 Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls; 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer, fall.

Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265
 There are who have not—and, thank Heav'n! there
 are
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend! you'll
find

Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

Why of two brothers, rich and restless, one 270
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu*, with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on in court and parliament; 275
One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that directing pow'r
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
Inclines our action, not constrains our will:
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great end the same.

Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep. 285
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace,
A man so poor would live without a place;
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing, madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd if sordid want be far away. 295

What is't to me (a passenger, God wot,)
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with every favouring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone: 305

But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad? the avarice of pow'r?
 Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
 With terrors round, can reason hold her throne, 310
 Despise the known, or tremble at th' unknown?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
 And count each birthday with a grateful mind, 315
 Has life no sourness drawn so near its end?
 Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay? 319
 Or will you think, my friend your business done,
 When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?
 Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your
 fill.

Walk sober off before a sprightlier age
 Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
 Leave such to trifle with more grace than ease, 326
 Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?
 Ah, spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
 I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
 Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms, 5
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
 Mother too fierce of dear desires!
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires:
 To number five direct your doves,
 There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;

Noble and young, who strikes the heart 11
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend:
He, with an hundred arts refin'd, 15
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face: 20
His house embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither the silver-sounding lyres 25
Shall call the smiling loves and young desires;
There every grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day. 30
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still-renew'd desire:
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl, 35
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah! tell me, ah! too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee! 40
Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah, cruel!) from my arms!
And swiftly shoot along the mall, 45
Or softly glide by the canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

BOOK IV. ODE IX.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime, 5
In Spenser native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth 10
Ere Cæsar was or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heav'ns and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled! 15
They had no poet, and are dead.



SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?

HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too;
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant vice so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors,
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought no doubt th' excise and army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving all allow. 10
Yet like the Papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
So prompts and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above:
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow;
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move:
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite the siege they hold.
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat: 26
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit: 30

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense pass'd through him no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs, 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres.
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears. 40
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence, 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at last matures a clap to p—x, [dence:
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass. 50
No young divine, new benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs for rich widow's hearts;
Call himself barrister to ev'ry wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain,
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury-Lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
If Peter deigns to help you to your own.
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face if he denies!
Grave as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there. 70

His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
 For not in chariots Peter puts his trust:
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to every lord in every thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly **, 80
 Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
 Nor more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,
 Or city-heir in mortgage melts away,
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
 Piece-meal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write, for you each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dext'rously omits *ses heires*: 100
 No commentator can more slily pass
 O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;
 Or in quotation shrewd divines leave out
 Those words that would against them clear the doubt.
 So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r the pow'r and glory clause.
 The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?

We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
 Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?
 Well, I could wish that still, in lordly domes, 115
 Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole heca-
 tombs;

That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome bacchanals;
 And all mankind might that just mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
 These are good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121
 But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence: 125
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor sly informer watch, these words to draw
 Within the reach of treason or the law.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; if it be my time to quite the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
 I've had my purgatory here betimes, 5
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes:
 The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t' admire or be admir'd; 10
 I hop'd for no commission from his grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begged no place;
 Had no new verses nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to court!—the devil would have it so.
 But as the fool that in reforming days 15
 Would go to mass in jest; (as story says)
 Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God,

So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
 As prone to ill, and negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain as idle, and as false as they
 Who live at court, for going once that way!
 Scarce was I enter'd, when behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
 Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster than on Afric's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying travellers can feign. 31
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon:
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
 Cry, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?
 Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
 Though coarse was reverend, and though bare was
 black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good queen Bess,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
 So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away, 45
 This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for every state to do;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too,
 The doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
 The whole artillery of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar: 55
 These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil:

A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

He spies me out; I whisper, gracious God!
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
 That all the shot of dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65
 Permit, he cries, no stranger to your fame,
 To crave your sentiment, if ***'s your name.
 What speech esteem you most? "The king's," said I.
 But the best words?—"O, sir, the dictionary."
 You miss my aim; I mean the most acute, 70
 And perfect speaker—"Onslow, past dispute."
 But, sir, of writers?—"Swift for closer style,
 But Houdly for a period of a mile."
 Why, yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75
 Nay, troth, th' apostles (though perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thus others' talents having nicely shown, 80
 He came by sure transition to his own:
 Till I cried out, "You prove yourself so able,
 Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;
 For had they found a linguist half so good,
 I make no question but the tow'r had stood." 85

"Obliging sir! for courts you sure were made,
 Why then for ever buried in the shade?
 Spirits like you should see and should be seen;
 The king would smile on you—at least the queen."
 "Ah, gentle sir! you courtiers so cajole us— 90
 But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*;
 And as for courts, forgive me if I say,
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way.
 Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
 Few are the converts Aretine has made; 95
 And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn virtue there."

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies,
"Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"

"Then happy man who shews the tombs! (said I)
He dwells amidst the royal family;

He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread."

"Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!"—"Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean." 111

"O Sir! politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your Paduasoy."

"Not, sir, my only; I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille—" 115

Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke:
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125

He hears, and as a still, with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little and by little drops his lies. [shows,

Mere household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows. 131

When the queen frown'd or smil'd he knows, and
what

A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins, with whom; who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug; 135

Whose place is quarter'd out three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop or a whore:

Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:

Who in the secret deals in stocks secure, 140
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:

Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:

Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town: 145

Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll:

He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150

What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick and sore,
I puke, I nauseate—yet he thrusts in more;
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart. 155

Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat,
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.

Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come 160
In sure succession to the day of doom:

He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill because delay'd:
Nay hints 'tis by connivance of the court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port. 165

Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise,
Already half-turn'd traitor by surprise.

I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
As in the p—x some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by. 175

To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
 I quak'd at heart; and still afraid to see 180
 All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some god! Oh, quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense, 185
 Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
 There sober thought pursued th' amusing theme,
 Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.

A vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
 And forc'd e'en me to see the damn'd at court.

Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me: 195
 Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
 Care if a liveried lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving man?

O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
 For huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?

Thou who, since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, O sun! beheld an emptier sort
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court? 205

Now p—x on those who shew a court in wax!
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210

No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room, 215

In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
'That's velvet for a king!' the flatterer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be king Lear's.
Our court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
That helps it both to fools'-coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too as well as those.
Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he and she in all her trim, 230
He boarding her, she striking sail to him.
"Dear countess! you have charms all hearts
to hit!"

And, "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
'Twould burst e'en Heraclitus with the spleen
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime—a hole; 245
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head!
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair
So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes, 250
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself, impertinent in him.

Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
 Prodigious! how the things protest, protest. 255
 Peace, fools! or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one beauty mortifies another. 259
 But here's the captain that will plague them both;
 Whose air cries, arm! whose very look's an oath.
 The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
 Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff:
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
 Like battering rams, beats open every door; 265
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
 Scarcecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
 Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from jails to execution go;
 For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all: 275
 Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss,
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
 Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy. 279

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
 Charge them with Heav'n's artillery, bold divine!
 From such alone the great rebukes endure,
 Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but their's
 To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears. 285
 Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
 In time to come may pass for holy writ.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

[Written in the Year 1738.]

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.
You grow correct that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel— 5
Why now this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said 'Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
'To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter.' 10
But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex, 15
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile: 20
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought 25
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him, I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r; 30
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.

Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
The only difference is—I dare laugh out.

F. Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty,
A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principle or wig: 40
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man so near 45
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
Why, answer, Lyttleton! and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage;
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any but at fools or foes:
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more, 56
To vice and folly to confine the jest
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again. 60
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit; 65
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonia's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense; 70
The first was H**vy's, F**'s next, and then
The S**te's, and then H**vy's once again.
O come! that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin yet so English all the while,

As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
 All boys may read, and girls may understand!
 Then might I sing without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the nation's sense;

75

Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,

80

And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
 All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!

So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—

No gazetteer more innocent than I—

And let, a God's name! every fool and knave

85

Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,

You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace;

For merit will by turns forsake them all;

Would you know when? exactly when they fall.

90

But let all satire in all changes spare

Immortal S**k, and grave De***re.

Silent and soft, as saints remove to Heav'n,

All ties dissolv'd, and every sin forgiv'n,

These may some gentle ministerial wing

95

Receive and place for ever near a king!

There where no passion, pride, or shame, transport

Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;

There, where no father's, brother's, friend's, disgrace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;

But past the sense of human miseries,

101

All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;

No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,

Save when they lose a question or a job. [glory,

P. Good Heav'n forbid that I should blast their

Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,

106

And when three sov'reigns died could scarce be vex't,

Consid'ring what a gracious prince was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things

As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings?

110

And at a peer or peeress shall I fret,

Who starves a sister or forswears a debt?

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;

But shall the dignity of vice be lost?

Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke, 115
 Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
 A favourite's porter with his master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will? 120
 Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
 But shall a printer, weary of his life, 125
 Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not, bear;
 Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;
 This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin : 130
 Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
 Outdo Landaff in doctrine—yea, in life:
 Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
 Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to virtue and to me;
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same belov'd, contented thing. 140
 Vice is undone if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
 But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
 Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess, 145
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,
 And her's the gospel is, and her's the laws;
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car
 Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hangidly round,
 His flag inverted trails along the ground!

Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold, 155
 Before her dance; behind her crawl the old!
 See thronging millions to the pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
 Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
 That not to be corrupted is the shame. 160
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
 'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
 See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
 See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law:
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
 'Nothing is secret now but villainy.' 170
 Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. **T**IS all a libel—Paxton*, sir, will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to morrow, 'faith, it may; }
 And for that very cause I print to-day.

How should I fret to mangle every line
 In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine? 5

Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain:

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash; 10
 Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.

Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
 Come on then, satire! general, unconfin'd,

Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind. 15
 Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!

Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!

Ye reverend atheists.—*F.* Scandal! name them, who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

* Solicitor of the Treasury.

Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt, 20
I never nam'd ; the town's enquiring yet.

The poisoning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.*—I don't.—
F. You do.

P. See now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—*F.* Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector—*F.* There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you if I knew with what ; 26
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires, 30
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop may I name a dean?

F. A dean, sir? no, his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade. 35

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
Go, drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, sir, I beg you, (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great? 45
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
Still better ministers, or if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must satire then nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike! why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete example fears? 56
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears?

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad:
You make men desperate, if they once are bad,
Else might he take to virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S**k, if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange spleen to S**k!—*P.* Do I wrong the man?
God knows I praise a courtier where I can,
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove, 66
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert; 70
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart:
Manners with candour are to Benson giv'n,
To Berkeley every virtue under heav'n.

But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love; 75
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.
Oft in the clear still mirror of retreat
I studied Shrewsbury, the wise and great:
Carleton's calm sense and Stanhope's noble flame 80
Compar'd, and knew their generous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r!
How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield, forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit? 85
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions and his own? 89
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their
And if yet higher the proud list should end, [train;
Still let me say,—no follower but a friend.

Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow Virtue; where she shines I praise, 95
Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the man of Ross or my lord may'r.
 Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
 Have still a secret bias to a knave: 101

To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?—*P.* Not so fierce;
 Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse. 105

But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
 Each mother asks it for her booby son;
 Each widow asks it for the best of men,
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.

Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground; 110

The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

Enough for half the greatest of these days
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.

Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?

Dare they to hope a poet for their friend? 115

What Richelieu wanted Louis scarce could gain,
 And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command;

No pow'r, when virtue claims it, can withstand.

To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line: 120

O let my country's friends illumine mine!

—What are you thinking? *F.* Faith, the thought's no
 I think your friends are out, and would be in. [sin;

P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? come then, I'll comply—

Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie:

Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave, 130

And Lyttleton a dark designing knave;

St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—

But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,

Has never made a friend in private life,

And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?

Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
Oh, all accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?

What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay, 141

Or each new pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend,
Then wisely plead to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I spare the minister, no rules 146

Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure if they cannot cut, it may be said,
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day, 150
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest; 155
Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold, sir, for God's sake; where's th' affront to
you?

Against your worship when had S**k writ?
Or P*ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend 160
(In power a servant, out of power a friend)
To W**le guilty of some venial sin,
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery be-dropp'd the crown
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown. 165
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came; }
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame, }
Since the whole house did afterwards the same. }
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply, 171

As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
If one, through Nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
As pure a mess almost as it came in;

The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
 The last full fairly gives it to the house. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
 Quite turns my stomach—*P.* So does flattery mine;
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.

But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read;
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own? 190

Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse
 Without a staring reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When truth or virtue an affront endures,
 Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be your's.
 Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence, 201
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
 Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave; 205 }
 So impudent, I own myself no knave;
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave. }
 Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
 Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me;
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
 To all but Heav'n-directed hands denied,
 The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:

Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal, 216
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
 To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
 And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
 Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains, 220
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day,
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
 All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings, 224
 All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings;
 All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
 Like the last gazette or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
 A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar, 230
 Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so when diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's
 Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die, [shrine,
 And opes the temple of eternity. 235
 There other trophies deck the truly brave
 Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
 Far other stars than * and ** wear,
 And may descend to Mordington from Stair!
 (Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine, 240
 Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine.)
 Let envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus sings,
 And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
 Let flattery sickening see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies: 245
 Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
 When truth stands trembling on the edge of law.
 Here, last of Britons! let your names be read: 250
 Are none, none living? let me praise the dead;
 And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
 Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more Essays on Man. 255

ODES.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain 5
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow 10
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies: 15
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away 20
In a dying, dying fall.

By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies, 25
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wound
Melancholy lifts her head, 30
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning envy drops her snakes;

Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage. 35

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd, 45
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds, 50
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts! 55
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans, 60
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And, see! the tortur'd ghosts respire;
See shady forms advance! 65
Thy stone, O Sisyphus! stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel, 75
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove, 80
Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!—
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's pray'r:
Stern Proserpine relented, 85
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her, 90
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move! 95
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders, 100
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost! 105
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:

91

See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies; 110

Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries—

Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm:

Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please:

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal powers incline their ear;

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,

And angels lean from Heav'n to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;

To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n:

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Her's lift the soul to Heav'n.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT TWELVE
YEARS OLD.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breath his native air

In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5

Whose flocks supply him with attire,

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
 And innocence, which most does please, 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie. 20

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife, 5
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight, 10
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes: it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring: 15
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

TWO CHORUSES
TO THE
TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught:
Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood 5
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

O heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart; 10
Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Moral truth and mystic song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore: 20
See Arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In every age, in every state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

O tyrant Love! hast thou possess
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But entering learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire
 Which nature hath imprest? 10
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and generous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
 The gods and Brutus bend to love:
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wandering, self-consuming fire. 20
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
 And burn for ever one;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of every social tye, 25
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise; 30
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns, 35
With reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deccits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine. 40
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.



EPISTLES.

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND
MORTIMER*.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in every strain! 5
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great; 10
Dext'rous the craving, fawning, crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20

And sure if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine;
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath, 25
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,

* Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's poems, published by our author after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,
 When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now she shades thy evening walk with bays; 35
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
 Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he. 40

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE, 1720.

A soul, as full of worth as void of pride,
 Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
 Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
 A face untaught to feign; a judging eye, 5 }
 That darts severe upon a rising lie,
 And strikes a blush through frontless flattery. }
 All this thou wert; and being this before,
 Know kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways, 10
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me: 15
 The patriot's plain but untrod path pursue;
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

TO MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!

Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, 5
 Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd :
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;
 Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they ! 10
 Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage :
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
 Some buried marble half preserves a name :
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : she found it vain to trust
 The faithless column and the crumbling bust ; 20
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
 shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
 A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;
 A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Through climes and ages bears each form and name :
 In one short view subjected to our eye,
 Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore, 35
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd ;

And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine: 45
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage; 50
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shewn,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison:
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore another Pollio shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head, 65
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,—
“Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend; 70
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd.”

TO MR. JERVAS,

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S
ART OF PAINTING*.

THIS verse be thine, my friend! nor thou refuse
This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.

* This epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
 Where life awakes, and dawns at every line,
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
 And from the canvas call the mimic face;
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire,
 Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire;
 And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name; 10
 Like them to shine through long succeeding age;
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
 And each from each contract new strength and light.
 How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away!
 How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
 While images reflect from art to art! 20
 How oft review; each finding, like a friend,
 Something to blame, and something to commend!

What flattering scenes our wandering fancy
 wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
 Together o'er the Alps, methinks we fly, 25
 Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
 With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade. 30

While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome anew,
 Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye:
 A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
 Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare, 35
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
 Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small well-polish'd gem, the work of years*! 40

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his poem.

Yet still how faint by precept is exprest
The living image in the painter's breast !
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow ;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse ! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead ;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire ; 50
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife ;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage, 55
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r, that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes ; 60
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

O ! lasting as those colours may they shine !
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line ;
New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay ;
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
And finish'd more through happiness than pains.
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face ;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul :
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die :
Alas ! how little from the grave we claim !
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

TO MISS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE. 1717.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
 And all the writer lives in every line;
 His easy art may happy nature seem;
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5
 Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
 His heart, his mistress and his friend did share,
 His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair. 10
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle life away;
 Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
 Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs;
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
 The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious comedy;
 In every scene some moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach:
 Let mine an innocent gay farce appear, 25
 And more diverting still than regular;
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
 Though not too strictly bound to time and place.
 Critics in wit or life are hard to please;
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to womankind;
 Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
 By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame, 35
 Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.

Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
 But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst;
 But the last tyrant ever proves the worst. 40

Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
 Or bound in formal or in real chains:
 Whole years neglected for some months ador'd,
 The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.

Ah! quit not the free innocence of life 45
 For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
 Nor let false shews nor empty titles please:
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares, 50
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
 And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
 She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
 Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
 She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart. 56

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
 Those age or sickness, soon or late, disarms; 60
 Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
 Love rais'd on beauty will like that decay;
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,
 As flowery bands in wantonness are worn, 65
 A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care* still shone the same,
 And Monthausier was only chang'd in name: 70
 By this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle on th' Elysian coast,
 Amid those lovers joys his gentle ghost;

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

Pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you view,
 And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you. 76
 The brightest eyes of France inspired his Muse;
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride,
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside. 80

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORO-
 NATION, 1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever;
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent;
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went. 10

She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
 She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
 To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
 Up to her godly garret after seven,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to Heav'n.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
 Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack;
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—no words!
 Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;

Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on every green:
Before you pass th' imaginary sights 35
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes,
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagued with headaches or the want of rhyme,)
Stands in the street abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vext to be still in town I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now. 50

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious Moore! are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth, 5
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find, 10
E'er since our grandam's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
 The blockhead is a slow-worm;
 The nymph whose tail is all on flame, 15
 Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a worm they take their rise,
 And in a worm decay. 20

The flatterer an ear-wig grows;
 Thus worms suit all conditions;
 Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
 And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen 25
 By all their winding play;
 Their conscience is a worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise, 30
 If thou couldst make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
 Who sett'st our entrails free;
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain, 35
 Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short years, no more!
 Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
 Who maggots were before. 40

TO MRS. M. B.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Oh, be thou bless'd with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend;
 Not with those toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.

With added years, if life bring nothing new,
 But like a sieve let every blessing through,
 Some joys still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain some sad reflection more;
 Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
 'Tis but the funeral of the former year. 10

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
 Calm every thought, inspire every grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear,
 Till death, unfelt, that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come. 20

TO MR. T. SOUTHERN.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
 With not one sin but poetry,
 This day Tom's fair account has run
 Without one blot to eighty-one.
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays 5
 A table with a cloth of bays;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast his tow'ring genius marks
 In yonder wild-goose and the larks! 10
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
 And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout
 And grace, although a bard, devout.
 May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise 15
 The price of prologues and of plays,
 Be every birth-day more a winner,
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach. 20

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! *Virg.*

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM, SUSSEX.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died!
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay, 5
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd, vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease. 10
Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line. 14

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO
KING WILLIAM III.

*Who, having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at
Easthamsted, in Berkshire, 1716.*

A PLEASING form, a firm yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent, constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too, 5
Just to his prince, and to his country true:

Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free,
A love of peace, and hate of tyranny: 10
Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT.

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak! 5
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS,

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd,

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
 And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest! 5
 Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense:
 No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
 No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown, 5
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures tried,
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died. 10

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON. R. DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER LORD DIGBY,

In the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom and pacific truth:
 Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great:

Just of thy word, in every thought sincere, 5
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind!
 Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine;
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine. 10

And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more!
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known! 15
 Go where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys forgive our grief:
 These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give! 20

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER by Heav'n, and not a master, taught,
 Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
 Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays, 5
 Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works; and dying, fears herself may die. 8

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, Withers! rest; thou bravest, gentlest mind,
 Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
 O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
 O soft humanity in age belov'd!

For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear, 5
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age; 10
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED, BERKS, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man;
A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease, 5
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied, 9
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate, 5
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust: 10
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—'Here lies Gay!'

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS,

QUEM IMMORTALEM

TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, COELUM:

MORTALEM

HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately
after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

She. YES, we have liv'd—One pang, and then we
part!

May Heav'n, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

He. Dear shade! I will:

Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost! 5
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—'Save my country, Heav'n!'—he said, and
died.

ON EDMUND, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF
HIS AGE, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,

Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
 Or add one patriot to a sinking state,
 This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear, 5
 Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
 The living virtue now had shone approv'd;
 The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
 Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
 Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham: 10
 In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
 End in the milder merit of the heart;
 And chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
 Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heav'n.

*FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED
IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.*

HEROES and kings! your distance keep;
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you:
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too,

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
 Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not, a pin 5
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God that as well as he was he shall be,

MISCELLANIES.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a separate convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. P.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd: 10
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays, 15
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;

Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,
That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30

Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.

I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35

Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame;
There died the best of passions, love and fame. 40

Yet write, O write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid:
They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-
spires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind, 61
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambient with celestial day.

Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung; 65
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man. 70
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that Heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love? 80
'The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90
O, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it
part, 95
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poignard had oppos'd the dire command.

Barbarian, stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil, 111
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale :
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poisons from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd ;
 Give all thou cans't—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no ! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes ;
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls ; the desert smil'd,
 And paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n ;
 But such plain proofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the maker's praise. 140
 In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,

Where awful arches make a noon-day night;
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!) 150

But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd 155
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding isles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flow'r, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought?
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget! 200
 But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd;
 O come! O teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you:
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n:
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n;
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams. 215
 And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
 For her white virgins hymenæal sing; 220
 To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230

Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240

Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tow'r pale ivy
creeps,

And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; 245
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; 250
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirits bid the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd Heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves. 260

Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view ?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue ;
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee ;
Thy image steals between my God and me :
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear. 270

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight ;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye ;
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul ; 280
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heav'n ; dispute my heart ;
Come with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows and those 285
tears ;

Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll ! 290
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view), 295
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu !
O grace serene ! O virtue heav'nly fair !
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !

Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky !
 And Faith, our early immortality ! 300
 Enter each mild, each amicable guest ;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls, 305
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound :
 " Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 Thy place is here, sad sister, come away ; 310
 Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :
 But all is calm in this eternal sleep :
 Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep ;
 Even superstition loses every fear : 315
 For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blowing flowers.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow : 320
 Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day :
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
 Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see !
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me ; 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
 Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O Death, all-eloquent ! you only prove 335
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)

In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee
round; 340

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine,
May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join,
In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most; 366

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd!
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell, 5
Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs, her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious faults of angels and of gods :
Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps, (ere Nature bade her die,)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood ! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball. 35
Thus shall your wives and thus your children fall ;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way,) 40
Lo ! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, (oh, ever injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51

By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,

By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

What though no friends in sable weeds appear, 55

Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,

And bear about the mockery of woe

To midnight dances, and the public show?

What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,

Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,

Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:

There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65

There the first roses of the year shall blow;

While angels with their silver wings o'ershade

The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,

What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot;

A heap of dust alone remains of thee;

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be! 75

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,

Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,

Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;

Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,

And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart; 80

Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,

The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

Card. THE Basset-table spread, the tallier come,
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?

Rise, pensive nymph! the tallier waits for you.

Smil. Ah, madam! since my Sharper is untrue, }
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpeu. 5 }

I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,

And whisper with that soft deluding air [fair. }

And those feign'd sighs which cheat the listening }

Card. Is this the cause of your romantic strains?

A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains; 10

As you by love, so I by fortune crost;

One, one bad deal, three septlevas have lost.

Smil. Is that the grief which you compare with mine?

With ease the smiles of fortune I resign:

Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone, 15

Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

Card. A lover lost is but a common care,

And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:

The knave of clubs thrice lost; oh! who could guess

This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress? 20

Smil. See Betty Lovet! very *à propos*.

She all the cares of love and play does know:

Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;

Betty! who oft the pain of each has tried;

Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25

By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

Lov. Tell, tell your griefs, attentive will I stay,

Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

Card. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,

With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought. 30

See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid strive,

And both the struggling figures seem alive.

Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face;

A myrtle foliage round the thimble case.

Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissars shine, 35
The metal and the workmanship divine—

Smil. This snuff-box—once the pledge of Sharper's
love,

When rival beauties for the present strove ;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won ;
Then first his passion was in public shown : 40
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.

This snuff-box—on the hinge see brilliants shine,
This snuff-box will I stake the prize is mine.

Card. Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear. 45
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And, oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
Though my own secret wish was for the knave : 50
The knave won sonica, which I had chose,
And the next pull my septleva I lose.

Smil. But, ah ! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart ;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair, 55
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear ;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing when first she came to town,
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown : 60
She was my friend ; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow checks enlivening red ;
I introduc'd her to the park and plays,
And by my interest Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch ! with mimic airs grown pert, 65
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

Card. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore !
When Winnall tallied, I would pant no more ?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And see the folly which I cannot shun. 70

Smil. How many maids have Sharper's vows de-
ceiv'd ?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd ?

Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove;
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love? [form'd,

Card. But of what marble must that breast be
To gaze on basset and remain unwarm'd? 76

When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank,
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain, 80

In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye:
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain,
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon basset, you who reason boast, 85
And see if reason must not there be lost.

Smil. What more than marble must that heart com-
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows? [pose,
Then when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes! 90

With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves,
He loves—I whisper to myself, He loves!
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all memory of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.

Think of that moment you who prudence boast;
For such a moment prudence well were lost.

Card. At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybonne bowl time away; 100
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To basset's heavenly joys and pleasing cares?

Smil. Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show:
Their several graces in my Sharper meet, 105
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

Lov. Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.

Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side; 110
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree:—
Now leave complaining and begin your tea.

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene and be what they behold :
 For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
 Commanding tears to stream through every age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ; 10
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys, 20
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
 As her dead father's reverend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercast;
 The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye;
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;

Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons! attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first-fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she sub-
dued: 40

Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with our own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear, 45
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

A PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT, IN 1733,

*When he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little
before his death.*

As when that hero, who, in each campaign,
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by every foe;
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind, 5
But pitied Belisarius, old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies; 10
Dennis! who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;
A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunders all his own! 16
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!

If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn ; 20
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage ;
 If there's a senior who contemns this age ;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's, friend.

EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

(Designed for Mrs. Oldfield.)

PRODIGIOUS this ! the frail one of our play
 From her own sex should mercy find to day !
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried,—
 “ The play may pass—but that strange creature,
 Shore, 5

I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—”
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 “ How strangely you expose yourself, my dear !” 10
 But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart ;
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail ;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within ;
 In some close corner of the soul they sin ;
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20

The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
 Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners ?
 Faith, gallants ! board with saints, and bed with
 sinners.

Well, if our author in the wife offends,
 He has a husband that will make amends:
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make; 35
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
 Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
 The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true.
 And lov'd his country—but what's that to you? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
 If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
 That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
 Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

ON RECEIVING FROM
 THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS*.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
 Descend in all her sober charms;
 "And take," she said, and smil'd serene,
 "Take at this hand celestial arms:

* These lines were occasioned by the poet's being threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for writing the Epilogue to the Satires.

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;
This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart." 5

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky, 10
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

"What well? what weapon?" Flavia cries,
"A standish, steel, and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's, not the skies; 15
I gave it you to write again.

"But, friend! take heed whom you attack;
You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
L** and all about your ears. 20

"You'd write as smooth again on glass,
And run on ivory so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib.

"Athenian Queen! and sober charms! 25
I tell ye, fool! there's nothing in't:
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

"Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies, 30
I'll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Written in the Year 1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions:
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming
 All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth! 10
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
 Fair Discretion! string the lyre!
 Sooth my ever-waking slumbers; 15
 Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the chrystal mirrors,
 Watering soft Elysian plains. 20

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander 25
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent mate, 30
 See the bird of Juno stooping;
 Melody resigns to Fate.

MACER.

A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
 'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele:

Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these he ventur'd on the town,
 And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
 There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little; 10
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd, 15
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
 Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
 Thought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her simplicity: 20
 In a translated suit then tries the town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd harridan:
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go shares with punk. 26

 ON

A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
 (Envy be silent and attend!)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.
 Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour, 5
 Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she not faults then (Envy says), sir?"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver; 10
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
 Two travellers found an oyster in their way:
 Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
 While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws, 5
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
 Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight,
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
 There take (says Justice), take ye each a shell. 10
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
 'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu."

ANSWER

TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is prudery?
 'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
 'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miss Meadows. 5
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
 Old, and void of all good-nature;
 Lean and fretful; would seem wise,
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.
 'Tis an ugly envious shrew, 10
 That rails at dear Lepell and you.

OCCASIONED BY

SOME VERSES

OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough, at length thy labour ends,
 And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.

Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
 This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
 Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain. 6
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES,
 AND MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop where Thames' translucent
 wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shady cave;
 Where lingering drops from mineral roots distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
 Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow, 5
 And latent metals innocently glow;
 Approach. Great nature studiously behold!
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach; but awful! lo! th' Ægerian grot,
 Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought, 10
 Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
 And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's
 soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country and be poor.



THE DUNCIAD.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER:

Occasioned by

THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION

OF

THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary; a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries of which the enclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could

be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery; a stratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all; ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some of them had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons, as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the *Dunciad*. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull; and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers, I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the

authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women; and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them: so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may, in some measure, prevent it, by preserving at least their titles*, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The

* Which we have done in a list hereto subjoined.

persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than defamation, (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there,) but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villainy to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villainy. The apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings, must poverty make nonsense sacred? if so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity

to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their person and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised, in return, to be theirs? that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on Criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were,

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be

true, "that he has a contempt for their writings:" and there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "that his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made use of: If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to those who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective

nations*. But the resemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this. I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons; for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable: he has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them—I mean when out of power, or out of fashion†. A satire, therefore, on

* Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I.; after by the Abbe Du Resnel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse by the Abbe Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbe du Resnel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouette, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

† As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumball,

writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused; namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity to see all along that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.*

I am your most humble servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND.*

when he had resigned the office of secretary of state; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after his death: others only in Epitaphs.

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible (though without any other assistance of fortune), he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country: and yet, for all this, the public would never believe him to be the author of this Letter.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS
HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS
TO
THE DUNCIAD.

WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, *Remarks on Prince Arthur.*

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors poets; and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, *Preface to his New Rehearsal.*

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor. The same will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, *Letter to MIST, June 22, 1728.*

Attacks may be levelled either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A Satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS *Lectori S.*

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our *adversaria* on modern authors), we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet; various, indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence, also, thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which, if I relate some things of little concern, peradventure, to thee, and some of as little even to him, I intreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I, ever and anon, become tedious; allow me to take the same pains to find whether any author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant, as another whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to these even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith * he was educated at home; another †, that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third ‡, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth ||, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith § he was kept by his father on purpose; a second ¶, that he was an itinerant priest; a third **, that he was a parson: one †† calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another ‡‡, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one |||| supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another §§, a husbandman; another ¶¶, a hatter. &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblicus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon ***, "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the Life of our poet till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

* Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his life.

† Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 4.

‡ Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.

|| Guardian, No. 40.

§ Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii.

¶ Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.

** Farmer P. and his son.

†† Dunciad Dissected.

‡‡ Character of the Times, p. 45.

|||| Female Dunciad, p. ult.

§§ Dunciad Dissected.

¶¶ Roome, Paraphrase on the

4th of Genesis, printed 1729.

*** Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the tenth page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though, in the subsequent editions of his Key, he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4 and 8) that it was written by Dennis only.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

“His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive; his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common.—Instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.” And in another place: “What rare numbers are here! would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who being p-xed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so dam-nably *?”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hyper-critical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

“I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new, which is not in Dryden's Prefaces, Dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery †.”

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the

* Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

† Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth*: "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this groundwork, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert insipid heap of common-place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly shew he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

"† The Art of Criticism," saith he, "which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Mons. Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works; that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us but to represent the common sense of man-

* Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

† Spectator, No. 253.

kind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "There are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind; the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the Essay on Criticism."

Of Windsor-Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

"* That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his poem of Claremont†, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That be-

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.

† Printed 1728, p. 12.

cause Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise in opposition to it, but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and garden by the Thames: "All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying, in his Alma*,

"O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless," &c.

Come we now to his translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens; yet it shall suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KNT.

who (though otherwise a severe censorer of our author) yet stileth this "a laudable translation†." That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it‡: "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation:—I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers; but when I find all these

* Alma, canto 2.

† In his Essays, vol. i. printed for E. Curl.

‡ Censor, vol. ii. No. 33.

meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so one single person has performed, in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his *Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation*, (printed in *MIST'S JOURNAL*, March 30, 1728,) where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer, (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denotes his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8.

"That this translation of the *Iliad* was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, NO. 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translation of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it hath been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's *Virgil* of the most perfect epic performance; and those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason

to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before*. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728)

publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8. "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription."

"After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

* Vide Preface to Mr. Tickell's Translation of the First Book of the Iliad, 4to.

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY,

(printed for J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724,)

"I take this occasion to declare, that the subscription for Shakspeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson; and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of MIST'S JOURNALS, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun, without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unusual contributions on the public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the *Dunciad Dissected* reporteth, "Mr. Wycherly had before introduced him

into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living."

"No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas*. In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately, in our author's own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince the truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, GENT.

"* Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

"These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a

* Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the *Rival Modes*, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, "That these verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad." He desires, nevertheless, that "since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, esq. and others, who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of such honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

"* The *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk* was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years." This seemeth also most untrue, it being known to divers that these *Memoirs* were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person's (Bishop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that history of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those *Memoirs* of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse: but being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or

having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, should we crave pardon of all the aforesaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:

"* And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he deciphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

"† Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurell'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine—
Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight——"

* Verses to Mr. P. on his Translation of Homer.

† Poems prefixed to his Works.

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous disposition,
and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

“ * O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays,
Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.”

The witty and moral satirist,

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil man-
ners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to un-
dertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

“ † Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?”

MR. MALLET,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

“ Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme is but his second praise.”

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his
Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons;

“ Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of
Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME,

“ ‡ Thus nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws.”

* In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

† Universal Passion, Sat. I.

‡ In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

And to close all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's :

“ A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught:
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each business fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough-quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him: “ A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's.”—But, in the *Character of Mr. P. and his Writings*, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, “ Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it; but that, nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist; and yet a pillar for the Church of England.” Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in *MIST'S JOURNAL* of June 22, 1718, “ That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his business to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments.” But as to his pique against people of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith, (May 3, 1728) “ He had, by some means

or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the Character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners*: an asserter of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour." So that upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is he is little favoured of certain authors whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast†: another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life‡. One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself||. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament then under prosecution§. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom¶; and assureth the public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster that will, one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meets**. Another gives information of treason

* The names of two weekly papers.

† Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22d, 1728,

‡ Smedley, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14, 16.

|| *Gulliveriana*, p. 332.

§ Anno 1723.

¶ Anno 1729.

** Preface to *Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, p 12, and in the last page of that treatise.

discovered in his poem*. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses†; and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation as members of the Dunciad‡.

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange that, in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares “he has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellencies, that notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do him justice at the expence of that other gentleman’s character||.”

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, “that Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid’s Epistles by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love§.” He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challenges him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

* Pages 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book, intitled, “A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift’s Miscellanies.” Printed for A. Moore, 8vo. 1714.

† Key to the Dunciad, 3d edition, p. 18.

‡ A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

|| Introduction to Shakspeare Restored, 4to. p. 3.

§ Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham’s Essay, 8vo. 1721, p. 97, 98.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepts this of our author only *.

THE AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO MR. CIBBER

says†, "Pope was so good a versifier [once] that, his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's; and that he had all the merit that a man can have that way. And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

"But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in every line!
These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days‡."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem||, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

"'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope more than we can offer should receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

Although he says, "the smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: "the author is allowed to be a perfect master of an

* In his prose Essay on Criticism.

† Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

‡ Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

|| Printed under the title of The Progress of Dulness, 12mo. 1728.

easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our Laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer:—a man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion*" Here we see our excellent Laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert† confess, "that some

* Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

† Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare, upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever: and these two letters from Gildon will plainly shew that we are not writers in concert with each other:

Sir,

-----The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.

Sir,

I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

CH. GILDON.

"Now is it not plain that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "that he has got, like Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS,

"Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear."

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote* to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay: "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all, they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the

* In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

approbation this Essay meets with*.—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation†.—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness, and more squandered away upon one object than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men, the reader, to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature; would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools‡."

But it happens that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of 200l. from King George I. and 100l. from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis|| ascribes to him two Farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his

* Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.

† Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

‡ Remarks on Homer, p. 8, 9.

|| Ibid. p. 8.

works*. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the drama; because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and the Boarding-School, are better than the What-d'ye call it;" which is not Mr. P's. but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, "that he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Gray;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe†;" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures, in MIST of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver‡." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in MIST of June 8, "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the Dunciad than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, is not easy to judge, inasmuch as he had attempted neither; unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child||?"

But from all that has been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to

* Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

† Ibid. p. 6.

‡ Gulliver, p. 386.

|| Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.

have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprized one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy*: if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public†. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not, at one or other season, been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then he lay concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed; if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies, would affirm, that his capacity was boundless as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

* Burnet's Homerides, p. 1, of his Translation of the Iliad,

† The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness, so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed, from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our poet; for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in *Odyssey* X. And accordingly Aristotle, in his *Poetic*. chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* gave an example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so), than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Duncce the first; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which, though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear that the first *Dunciad* was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is re-

ported to have had, namely, that of epic poem, with a title also framed after the ancient Greek mannner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that so few of the modèrns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp, and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

* Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way there was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, dulness and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by a neglect of their

* Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory*, (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works†. He proceedeth to shew the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce‡; then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them||; and (above all) that self-opinion§ which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action¶: and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fix'd upon to support this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, must have a name**. He finds it to be——; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition, the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire

* Bossu, chap. vii.

† Ver. 45, 54.

§ Ver. 80.

** Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

† Book I. ver. 32, &c.

|| Ver. 57, 77.

¶ Bossu, chap. vii, viii.

of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters, of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third Book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicatress; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them "a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies*;" but adds, "our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren whenever it would fall foul on Cibber than upon any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour. The purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images, have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner

* Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 12, 41.

of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up,) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself: yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty; for at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy; though, since, he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred*. True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer year this great and wonderful work of THE DUNCIAD. P.

* See his Essays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated; but when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates; for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering before they once thought of either Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother, and the world also, right in this particular, by assuring them that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently, that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of this poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight: for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the Muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: "Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In

rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit." Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just: for contrary objects must either excite contrary affections or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the little epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic,) and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out to make thereof an example; an early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father himself of epic poem affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets his offspring; who, in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce, in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme**; but it never admitted of any doubt but that the hero of the little epic should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero are *wisdom, bravery, and love*, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth that those of the lesser epic hero should be *vanity, assurance, and debauchery*: from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? “Let the world (will such a one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am contented to be gazed at †.” This, we see, is vanity, according to the heroic gage or measure: not that low and ignoble species which

* Si un heros poetique doit etre un honnête homme. Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

† Ded. to the Life of C. Cibber.

pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which every body knows we have. "The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them*." In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple to exult in, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, "Whether it would not be vanity in him to take shame to himself for not being a wise man†?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is that same courage all collected into the face: and as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: but how? his bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed "his *sum-mum bonum* in those follies which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and I follow her‡." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it which made his face "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) "Summer-teeming lust," and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refine-

* Life of C. Cibber, p. 2. 8vo. edit.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 23.

ment it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of*; but when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so even by him who best knoweth its value. “Don’t you think (argueth he) to say only a man has his whore†, ought to go for little or nothing? Because, *defendit numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty‡.” But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore: How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life? not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning—

-----*Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerat.*

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth she was his own, and not his neighbour’s. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded: for how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour’s whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

* Lust, through some certain strainers well refin’d,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

† Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot:

“And has not Colly still his lord and whore,
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?”

‡ C. Cibber’s Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero: but it is not in any, nor in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termeth it*, of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reason, but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them†." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits! and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden ‡.

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us that all these are of small avail without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an atchievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great,

* C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

† Ibid. p. 23, 24.

‡ Ibid. p. 8.

who, being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas; that, and much stronger, is modern incense to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and centre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay, the world itself might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I cannot tell what sham-hero or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the fourth Book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

“Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,”

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as becometh any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resenteth this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbecoming the eye of empire, which, like that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber. “Ha! (saith he) fast asleep it seems! that is a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep

as any fool*." However, the injured laureat may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will † live at least, though not awake, and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero: for that disastrous knight, being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality ‡, only replied with a sigh, "Patience, and shuffle the cards ||."

But now, as nothing in this world, no, not the most sacred and perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes-bred. What then did this author mean by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons, (a person "never a hero even on the stage §") to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*: "that every man is the carver of his own fortune." The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. "Let him (saith

* C. Cibber's Letter, p. 53.

+ Ibid. p. 1.

† See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.
Book ii. ch. 22.

|| Don Quixote, Part II.

§ See Cibber's Life, p. 148.

he) but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to achieve the highest." From this principle it follows, that nothing ever can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragon himself; at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition*; to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy†; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty‡; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power||. At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements§; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired¶; to two Lord Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence**; and to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters††.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the revolution‡‡ face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes|||. But he shone in courts as well as in camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this revolution§§, and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies¶¶.

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both***.

* See Cibber's Life, p. 149.

† Ib. p. 424.

‡ Ib. p. 366.

|| Ib. p. 457.

§ Ib. p. 18.

¶ Ib. p. 425.

** Ib. p. 463, 437.

†† Ib. p. 52.

‡‡ Ib. p. 47.

||| "Old Battle-array in confusion is fled;

And olive-rob'd Peace is come in his stead," &c.

Cibber's Birth-day, or, New Year's Day Ode.

§§ Cibber's Life, p. 57.

¶¶ Ib. p. 58, 59.

*** A Statuary.

And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought no body's son at all*: and what is that, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had; even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester: and who fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely,—that this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For, if Solon said well,

“——— ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini: diesque beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet:”

‘That no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero; this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour.’ But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. “Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom,

* Cibber's Life, p. 6.

will ever persuade me to part with*." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune†." And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonery, "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin: I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth," &c. &c.‡ Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law *Epopæian*) and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him and deal with him like an old Egyptian hero, that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, "My dulness will find somebody to do it right||."

"Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parentem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus§."

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 424.

† Ib. p. 19.

‡ Ib. p. 17.

|| Ib. p. 243. octavo edit.

§ Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the
FIVE FIRST IMPERFECT EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD,
IN THREE BOOKS,

*Printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and
duodecimo, 1727.*

THE PUBLISHER * TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford

* Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Dürgen, "That most judges are of opinion this Preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said, in a sort, to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies a Treatise of the Bathos, or, Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part, at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

W.

it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or block-head but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements*, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand† in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author‡ of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against

* See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates, and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

† It is surprising with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cooke, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureat (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet, when I read it with those vain-glorious incumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.---It is amazing that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own.) W,

‡ A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

him, and from his having in this poem * attacked no man living who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say; and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing † which can distinguish or discover him; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full six years of his life ‡, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures

* The publisher, in these words, went a little too far; but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dullness, impudent scurrilities, or self-conceit, all mankind agree to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad. W.

† This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope. W.

‡ This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, preface to Sawney: "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the author's sense to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, preface to Durgan: "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years' retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching," &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem. W.

of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:—

“ Oh mihi bis senos multum vigilata per annos
Duncia * !”

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which, with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoëns the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches: for, whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by

* The prefacer to *Curl's Key*, p. 3, took this word to be really in Statius: “ By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed.” Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion. W.

which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B.? &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

A LIST

OF

BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abused before the Publication of the Dunciad; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS Critical and Satirical on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal; or, Bayes the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides; or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended Translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel, [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett, Esquires.] Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-Garden; a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet; or, Protestant Barnaby's sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-Show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Duckett, Esq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call it. Anon. [By Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr. Th——.] Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a

Letter to a Friend. Anon. [Dennis.] Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a farce. By Joseph Gay. [J. D. Breval.] Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windsor-Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris.] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted.] 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood.] octavo. Printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England. [J. Oldmixon.] octavo. Printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [By Jonathan Smedley.] Printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS, IN
THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Written by Mr. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James Moore Smith.

Idem, March 29. A Letter about Thersites, ac-

cusing the author of disaffection to the government.
By James Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled a Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements, occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen. Anon. octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1723, price 1s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner:—"The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad.)—An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-Show. By Col. Duckett

(for which he was put into the Dunciad.)—Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)” And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, “That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent except in Mr. Pope’s praise; and nothing against him published but by Mr. Theobald.”]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that Poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after.] Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo. price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curl, 12mo. price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, 8vo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, 8vo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, 8vo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who, for some time, held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris,] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the same papers, by James Moore and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen : A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "Any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett and John Dennis, 4to.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A Paper of Verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into One Epistle, and was published by James Moore, 4to. 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

THERE HAVE BEEN SINCE PUBLISHED,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. [By a Lady, or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton Court, [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts. Also folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis, in Covent Garden, 8vo.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION WITH NOTES, 4TO, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word

or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing: his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION

OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD,

When printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking the survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition,

and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that “The design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it:” and, from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that “The accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.” But whether or no he be the author of this we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE COMPLETE EDITION OF 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr.

Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post as had since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it. W. W.

ADVERTISEMENT

PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they had looked upon them as an abuse; we can do no less than own it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

BY AUTHORITY*.

BY virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, We have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this Work; and do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the Laureate himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

* A stroke of satire on the act for licensing plays, which was opposed with equal wit and vehemence by many of our author's friends.

BY THE AUTHOR,
A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the Spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine; the said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, * beginning with the words The mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire Sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma, of this impression to be authentic: and do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole, or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third Day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word Flies," as formerly it stood: read also, "containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses," instead of "One thousand and twelve lines;" such being the initials and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

THE
DUNCIAD.
TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the City, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the instrument of that great event which is to be the subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the Poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet-Laureat, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

The Dunciad.] It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood: for the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure not caring to recall to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But in this case it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid reader, in justification of the poet, and, on occasion, of the editor.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves: another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year: but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. *Schol. Vet.*

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
 Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
 Say how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
 And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head, 10
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of chaos and eternal night:

Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15
 She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind,

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! 20
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;

REMARKS.

originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

-----who brings

The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could be justly said of him,

Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first.

Bentley,

From thy Bœotia though her pow'r retires, 25
Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates by his fam'd father's hand, 31
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand,
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye

The cave of poverty and poetry:
Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess, 35
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:

Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town:
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;
Hence journals, medleys, Merc'ries, magazines:
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone, 45
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:

Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake: 50
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep, 55
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,

REMARKS.

v. 31. ----by his fam'd father's hand.] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

W.

IMITATIONS.

v. 55. *Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings, &c.]*
that is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems,

Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
 Call forth each mass, a poem or a play:
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry, 60
 Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes:
 There motley images her fancy strike, 65
 Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike.
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How tragedy and comedy embrace;
 How farce and epic get a jumbled race; 70
 How time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
 Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
 Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
 There painted vallies of eternal green;
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud compelling queen
 Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene. 80
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
 'Twas on the day when * * rich and grave, 85
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
 faces.)

IMITATIONS.

or plays, as the booksellers or players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's *Dispensary*, canto vi.

" Within the chambers of the globe they spy,
 The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
 Till the glad summons of a genial ray
 Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day." W.

v. 64. *And ductile Dulness, &c.*] A parody on a verse in Garth, canto i.

" How ductile matter new meanders takes."

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more. 90
 Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls 95
 What city swans once sung within the walls:
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
 She saw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each sire imprest and glaring in his son: 100
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

REMARKS.

v. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants; but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

v. 98. *John Heywood.*] Whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

v. 103. *---old Pryn in restless Daniel.*] The first edition had it,
 She saw in Norton all his father shine.

A great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De Jure Divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's *Miscellanies* on the other:

“-----One lately did not fear
 (Without the Muses' leave) to plant verse here.
 But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
 Rhymes, as e'en set the hearer's ears on edge;
 Written by William Pryn, Esquire, the
 Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three,
 Brave Jersy muse! and he's for his high style,
 Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.”

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

v. 104. *And Eusden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Eusden, Poet-laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his *Battle of Poets*, saith of him,

“Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
 By few was read, by fewer still was prais'd.”

W.

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page, 105
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast;
Bayes, form'd by nature, stage, and town to bless,
And act and be a coxcomb with success. 110
Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was pertness once.
Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate, 115
Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair. 120
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slip'd through cracks and zigzags of the head;
All that on folly frenzy could beget, 125
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.

REMARKS.

v. 105. *Like Tate's poor page.*] Nahum Tate was Poet-laureate; a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. W.

v. 109. *Bayes, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author: "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, or believe that our poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *wit*, or for some *profit* or *lucre* to himself." Life of C. C. ch. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. p. 15, 40, 53. And to shew his claim to what the poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, though in verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word; for by G---, I'll write prose.
Poor Colley! thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole;
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucified Moliere;
 There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on outside merit but presume, 135
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
 Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A gothic library! of Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

REMARKS.

v. 141. *Ogilby the great.*] "John Ogilby was one who, from his late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter. *Winstanley, Lives of Poets.*

v. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.*] "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry, leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours." *Winstanley, ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

v. 146. ---*worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother Laureate; only indeed upon half pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, though more successful in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Parolla and Isidora, Cæsar

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide; 150
 There, sav'd by spice, like mummies many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear:

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of ample size, 155
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
 Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise;
 An hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
 That altar crowns; a folio common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base; 160
 Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre,
 A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.

Then he: "Great tamer of all human art!
 First in my care and ever at my heart;
 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
 With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
 To the last honours of the Butt and Bays:
 O thou! of business the directing soul!
 To this our head, like bias to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
 O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
 And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.

REMARKS.

in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master's, not entirely contemptible.

v. 149. *Caxton*.] A printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII. *Wynkyn de Word*, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII.

v. 153. *Nich. De Lyra*; or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

v. 154. *Philemon Holland*, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else."
Winstanley.

Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
 Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
 Me emptiness and dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my elasticity and fire.
 Some dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
 This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the state, 195
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the bible, once my better guide? 200
 Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right hand my god?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
 Or bidst thou rather party to embrace? 305
 (A friend to party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist)
 Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal? 210
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

REMARKS.

v. 208, George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying Post: Nath. Mist, of a famous Tory journal. W.

Hold——to the minister I more incline ;
 To serve his cause, O Queen ! is serving thine.
 And see ! thy very Gazetteers give o'er ; 215
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains ? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen brightness to the 'squire so dear ;
 This polish'd hardness that reflects the peer ; 220
 This arch absurd, that wit and fools delights ;
 This mess toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's ;
 Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown ;
 At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
 " O born in sin, and forth in folly brought ! 225
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd, (your father's fault)
 Go, purified by flames, ascend the sky,
 My better and more Christian progeny !
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
 Ye shall not beg like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a pass and vagrant through the land ;
 Nor sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus, trucks for viler rhymes :
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire ! 235
 Not wrap up oranges to pelt your sire !
 O ! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate :
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest ! 240
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn."

REMARKS.

v. 231. -----*gratis-given Bland*,-----*Sent with a pass*.] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer, and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom. W.

v. 233. -----*with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes*.] " Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the High-church party."

Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 225.

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes;
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250
Great Cæsar roars and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms; as when on shrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome: 265
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 270
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls.
And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind: 276
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,

Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old reviv'd, new piece,
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

The goddess then o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
 And, lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a Heidegger and owl) 290
 Perch'd on his crown:—"All hail! and hail again.
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;

REMARKS.

v. 286. *Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced), or Theobald (as written), was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called *The Censor*, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whacum, who, from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the playhouse, who hath lately burlesqued the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called *The Censor*." *Dennis*, Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10.

v. 286. *Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays." *Jacob*, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called *The Weekly Medley*, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole Bench of Bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works than Ozell's version of Boileau's *Lutrin*, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the *Rape of the Lock*, than in Ozell's *Rape of the Bucket*, (*La Secchia rapita*.) And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's.---Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country." *John Ozell*.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies as those of the Bench of Bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon. W.

Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
 And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
 With fool of quality completes the quire.

Thou, Cibber, thou his laurel shalt support;
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court. 300

Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
 Sound, sound ye viols, be the catcall dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
 The creping, dirty, courtly ivy join.

And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Light-arm'd with points, antitheses and puns.

Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king. 310

O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
 And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
 Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band, 315
 And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 Till senates nod to lullabies divine.

And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine!"

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat;
 "God save king Cibber!" mounts in every note. 320

REMARKS.

v. 296. *Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him. *Winstanley.*

v. 296. *Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blunt's books against the divinity of Christ, the oracles of reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the *Life of Mr. Wycherley*, printed by Curl; in another called *The New Rehearsal*, printed in 1714; in a third, intitled *The Complete Art of English Poetry*, in two volumes; and others. *W.*

v. 297. *Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the *British Princes*, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Familiar White's, "God save king Colley!" cries;
 "God save king Colley!" Drury-lane replies:
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325
 And "Coll!" each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog, 329
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, "God save king Log!"

REMARKS.

v. 324. *But pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill-used by the populace, that it put an end to her days. W.

v. 325. The Devil-tavern in Fleet-street, where the court-odes were usually rehearsed.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyssey XXIV. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving; the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
 Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

v. 2. -- *-or Fleckno's Irish throne.*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanical part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels.

Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
 His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns, 11
 Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15
 Thron'd on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald hawkers high heroic games.
 They summon all her race: an endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
 A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,

REMARKS.

v. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himself was so transported, as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. *Paulus Jovius*, Elog. Vir. Doct. cap. xxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his *Prolusions*. W.

IMITATIONS.

1. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat.*] Parody of Milton, Book II.

“High on a throne of royal state, that far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sate.”-----

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

From drawing-rooms, from colleges, and garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in haeks, and gilded chariots:
 All who true dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
 And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
 But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
 A church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30

With authors, stationers obey'd the call;
 (The field of glory is a field for all)
 Glory and gain th' industrious tribe provoke,
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.

A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
 No meagre muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degenerate days.

All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair, 41
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;

And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
 But senseless, lifeless, idol, void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool so just a copy of a wit;

So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
 Other's a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame;
 But lofty Lintot in the circle rose,
 "This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;

REMARKS.

v. 53. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world, than those of the authors in this Poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold of a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before mentioned.

With me began this genius, and shall end." 55

He spoke; and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl: "Behold that rival here!

The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
So take the hindmost, hell," he said, and run. 60

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.

As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,

REMARKS.

v. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl.*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings; witness innumerable instances: but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him. W.

IMITATIONS.

v. 61, &c.] Something like this is in Homer, *Iliad* X. ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following: the first, of the bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the critics well know) from familiar life; the second, of the water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

v. 64, 65.] *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on with shoulders, hands, and head.*]

" ----- So eagerly the fiend

O'er bog, o'er steep, through streight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

Milton, Book II.

With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make :
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop 71
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop ;)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide ; loud shout the band,
 And " Bernard ! Bernard !" rings through all the
 Strand.

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the splash his wickedness had laid :
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

" Hear, Jove ! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any god's, or more ; 80
 And him and his, if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms."

A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear ; 85
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind ;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply : 90

REMARKS.

v. 70. *Curl's Corinna.*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his *Key*, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer. W.

IMITATIONS.

v. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legged Jacob seems to emulate.*]
 Milton, of the motion of the swan,
 " -----rows
 His state with oary feet."
 And Dryden of another's--- *With two left legs---*

Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her votary's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare! 96

Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottoes near the Temple-wall,
Listening delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; 100

Where as he fished her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vigorous he rises; from th' effluvia strong 105
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Repases Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand; 110
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.

To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift, 115
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior:

REMARKS.

v. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests, he had owned. W.

v. 124. ---*like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.--- Bezaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of

Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought! 125
 Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught,
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone;
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130

To him the goddess: "Son! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the town.
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;) 136
 Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
 Cook shall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we, too, boast our Garth and Addison. 140

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
 Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
 A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread
 On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

REMARKS.

Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.--"Bond writ a satire against Mr. P.--Capt. Breval was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality," says Curl, *Key*, p. 11. W.

v. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff. W.

v. 128. *Joseph Gay.*] A fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's. The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

v. 138. *Cook shall be Prior.*] The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of the Poets*, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British*, *London*, and *Daily Journals*, and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald wrote notes and half notes, which he carefully owned. W.

Ibid. ---and *Concanen, Swift.*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place; but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader. W.

v. 144. ---*Dunton's modern bed.*] John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler: he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire, and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c. W.

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure. 146
 Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below :
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might he view :
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue : 150
 Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
 And "Oh ! (he cried) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows ?
 In every loom our labours shall be seen, 155
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green !"

See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist ;

REMARKS.

v. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called *The Observer* : he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

v. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the *Flying Post* and *Post-Boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so. W.

v. 151. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edmund Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies*. W.

v. 157. *See in the circle next Eliza plac'd.*] Eliza Haywood : this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books, called *The Court of Carimania*, and *The New Utopia*. For the two Babes of Love, see Curl, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures, that though she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. Haywood's *Hist. of Car.* printed in the *Female Dunciad*, p. 18. W.

IMITATIONS.

v. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green !*] A parody of these lines of a late noble author :

"His bleeding arm had furnished all the rooms,
 And run for ever purple in the looms."

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far streaming to the sky,
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife;
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size. 170
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.

REMARKS.

v. 160. *Kirkall.*] The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them. W.

v. 167. *Osborne, Thomas.*] A bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription-books of Homer's Iliad, at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739: "How melancholy must it be to a writer to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest poet that lived in 1738! and than whom virtue has not had a shriller trumpeter for many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller. W.

IMITATIONS.

v. 163. -----yon Juno,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.

In allusion to Homer's *Βοωνίς*, &c.

v. 165. *This China jordan.*]

"Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito." *Virg. Æn. VI.*
In the games of Homer, Iliad XXIII. there are set together as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Madam Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
 (Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
 A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
 The wild meander wash'd the artist's face;
 Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
 Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) 181
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
 Through half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes; 185
 Still happy impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
 And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
 Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
 Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain; 191
 Room for my Lord! three jockies in his train;
 Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
 His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
 "He wins this patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
 With ready quills the dedicators wait;
 Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
 And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense; 200
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:

IMITATIONS.

v. 181, 182, *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
 Eridanus.]*

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. IV.

"Et gemina auratus taurina cornua vultu,
 Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta
 In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis."

The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the
 skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

"Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost,
 Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods."

Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;
 Then his nice taste directs our operas:
 Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes, 205
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
 But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft-giving palm.
 Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210
 While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
 Her sister sends, her votaress from above. 216

REMARKS.

v. 203.] Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas. W.

v. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. W.

v. 207. --*Welsted.*] Leonard Welsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or *A Letter in verse from Palemon to Celia at Bath*, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the Hymn of a gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise *Peri Bathous*, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728.

He was also characterized under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

"Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
 That painful animal, a mole:
 Above ground never born to grow,
 What mighty stir it keeps below!
 To make a molehill all this strife!
 It digs, pokes, undermines, for life.
 How proud a little dirt to spread,
 Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
 'Till lab'ring on for want of eyes,
 It blunders into light, and dies."

You have him again in Book III. ver. 169.

W.

As taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part;
 Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's secretary. 220

"Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wondrous pow'r of noise,
 To move, to raise, to ravish every heart.

With Shakspeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
 Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul 225

With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl;
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!

Such happy arts attention can command
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230

Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him whose chattering shames the monkey-tribe;
 And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass."

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
 The monkey-mimics rush discordant in; 236

'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
 And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
 Dennis and dissouance, and captious art,

And snip-snap short, and interruption smart, 240
 And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
 And major, minor, and conclusion quick.

"Hold, (cried the Queen) a cat-call each shall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!

But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
 Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend."

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the guild awake; 250
 Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:

REMARKS.

v. 238. ---Norton.] See ver. 415.---J. Durant Breval, author of a
 very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems. W.

So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from labouring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
 High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose; 256
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
 There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitefield!
 thine.

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
 In Tot'nam Fields the brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
 Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.

REMARKS.

v. 258. --- *Webster---and Whitefield.*] The one the writer of a newspaper called *The Weekly Miscellany*; the other a field-preacher. *This* thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new birth of spiritual madness; *that* by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other. W.

IMITATIONS.

v. 260. --- *bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

“Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.”

Georg. III.

“He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,

While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again.” Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B., delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *armour, war, &c.* In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into heroic poetry. W.

v. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!*]

“Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.”

Virg. Ecl. VIII.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* VII. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

“Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis

Sulphurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini,” &c. W.

All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end) 270

To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in, 275
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well:

Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound; 280
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;
Then sighing, thus, "And am I now threescore? 285
Ah, why, ye gods! should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher. 290

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er,
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.

REMARKS.

v. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.*] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also, in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it: and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that "it is as great as ever entered into the mind of man."—"In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and is therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of Omicron, the unborn poet." Curl, Key, p. 13. "He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry consisting of Heroic Epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done," said that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

v. 201. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the surreptitious editions this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E---, by whom if they

All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
 "Smedley" in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight, 295
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light;
 He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
 A cold, long-winded native of the deep; 300
 If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
 No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desperate pack, 305
 With each a sickly brother at his back:
 Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.

REMARKS.

meant the laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work: whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in Book I. v. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, in a Weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of abuse against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in 8vo. 1728. W.

v. 295. *Then * essay'd.*] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this sort, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels and personal invectives.

v. 299. *Concanen.*] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift), in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7, accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the *British and London Journals*, and in a paper called *The Speculatist*. In a pamphlet called *A Supplement to the Profound*, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribbler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much abuse against the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which, this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica. W.

Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
Fast by, like Niobe, (her children gone)
Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone!

And monumental brass this record bears,
“These are, ah no! these were the Gazetteers!”

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of scull 315
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.

No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance; 320

He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.

When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325
Slow rose a form in majesty of mud,

Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.

Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down;
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,

REMARKS.

v. 312. ---*Osborne.*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and remained silent. W.

v. 315. *Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began, under twenty, with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the *British Journal*. At the first publication of the *Dunciad*, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessors. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of Infamy: witness a paper called *The Free Briton*, a Dedication, intitled, *To the Genuine Blunderer*, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing that he received “for *Free Britons*, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than 10,997 l. 6s. 8d. out of the Treasury.” W.

Vied for his love in jetty bowers below, 335
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how shewn him by the nut-brown maids,
 A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
 Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep; 345
 There all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose
 They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350
 "Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine;
 Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
 The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
 Around him wide a sable army stand, 355

A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn;
 Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any god or man. [Fleet,

Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
 Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
 Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
 In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
 So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
 Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
 Here stopt the goddess; and in pomp proclaims 365
 A gentler exercise to close the games.

"Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
 I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;

REMARKS.

v. 349. *And Milbourn.*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance to that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author.

Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My H—nley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
Attend the trial we propose to make: 370

If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye:
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit 375
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

Three college sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate, 381
And smit with love of poesy and prate.

The ponderous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tun'd equal send a general hum. 386

Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping words on words the sense compose.
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze. 390

As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.

Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice supprest
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to "Christ's no kingdom here." 400

REMARKS.

v. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South-sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty. Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 289. W.

v. 399. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the *Atheist's Liturgy*, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of *The Rights of the*

Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
 Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
 One circle first, and then a second, makes;
 What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the midmost the nutation spreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the "sea of heads."
 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail, 411
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale.
 Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
 Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;
 Norton, from Daniel and Ostroea sprung, 415
 Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,

REMARKS.

Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S---, which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation. This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person. W.

v. 411. *Centlivre*.] Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer before he began it. W.

v. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er*.] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.---William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. W.

v. 414. *Morgan*.] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher. *

Ibid. --- *Mandeville*.] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an immoral philosopher, was author of a famous book called *The Fable of the Bees*; written to prove, that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient, to render society flourishing and happy. W.

v. 415. *Norton*.] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus*: one of the authors of the Flying Post, in which Mr. P. had sometimes the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

Hung silent down his never blushing head,
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay. 420

Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!

How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425

And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat?

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratoes, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science; how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, operas, and shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

But in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew:
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow, 5
Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:

Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
 The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
 And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.
 A slip-shod sibyl led his steps along, 15
 In lofty madness meditating song;
 Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
 (Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more)
 Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows; 21
 And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.
 Here in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls,
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull 25
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
 Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
 Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30

REMARKS.

v. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor, the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accident; a rare example of modesty in a poet! He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an ale-house in Long-acre. He died in 1654. W.

v. 21. *Benlowes.*] A country-gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*; to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them. W.

v. 22. *And Shadwell nods, the poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692. W.

v. 24. *Old Bavius sits.*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bayes by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner; for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil, of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works: *Qui Bavius non odit?* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good-nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem. Scrib.

v. 28. *Browne and Mears.*] Booksellers, printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible. W.

Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night or morning dew,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory. 34

Wondering he gaz'd: when, lo! a sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before:
 All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same. 40
 Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
 Thus the great father to the greater son:—

“ Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!
 Thou, yet unborn, has touch'd this sacred shore; 45
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former as to future state,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll? 50
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages through old monks she rid?
 And all who since, in wild benighted days,
 Mixt the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
 As man's meanders to the vital spring 55
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60
 For this our queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:

REMARKS.

v. 34. --- *Ward in pillory.*] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727. W.

IMITATIONS.

v. 61, 62. *For this our queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.*
 This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, Book XI. where the angel

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

“ Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70
 (Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

“ Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
 And orient science their bright course begun:
 One godlike monarch all that pride confounds, 75
 He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
 Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

“ Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
 There rival flames with equal glory rise; 80
 From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 And lick up all their physic of the soul.

“ How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
 Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
 Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies 85
 Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
 Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
 The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90
 See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
 Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
 See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
 See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
 See where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
 (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
 His conquering tribes the Arabian prophet draws,
 And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.

IMITATIONS.

“ To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd
 The film; then purg'd with euphrasie and rue
 The visual nerve---*For he had much to see.*”

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole episode.

See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep. 100

“Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against Heathen lore;
Her grey-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.

Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.

See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods;
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn; 110

See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

“Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.

In peace, great goddess, ever be ador'd:
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age
O spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

“And see, my son! the hour is on its way
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway.
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.

Now look through fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!

Behold and count them, as they rise to light. 130
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie

In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a god:

Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

" Mark first that youth who takes the foremost
And thrusts his person full into your face. [place,
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born! 141
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

" A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering ginshops sourer sighs return.

" Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150
Lo Popple's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race, 155
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:

REMARKS.

v. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.*] " This gentleman is a son of a considerable maltster of Romsey, in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney; who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way. He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets*, *Essays*, and a great many law-books, *Accomplished Conveyancer*, *Modern Justice*, &c." Giles Jacob of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.

v. 152. *Horneck---Roome.*] These two were very virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and, one would think, prophetically; since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of an abusive paper called *The High German Doctor*. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called *Pasquin*, where by malicious inuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

" You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet if he writes is dull as other folks.
You wonder at it---This, Sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called *The Prompter*. W.

v. 153. ---*Goode.*] An ill-natured critic, who wrote a satire on our author, called *The Mock Æsop*, and many anonymous libels in newspapers, for hire, W.

Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
 Some strain in rhyme: the muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks: 160
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
 Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curl.

“ Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia
 howls, 165

And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls!

“ Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and
 Let all give way—and Morris may be read. [dead,
 Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
 Though stale, not ripe, though thin, yet never clear;
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull; 171
 Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.

“ Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
 But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

REMARKS.

v. 165. ---*Ralph*.] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines alluded to a thing of his intitled *Night*, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the *Journals*, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English Poets, printed in a *London Journal*, Sept. 17, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, “Shakspeare writ without rules.” He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay. W.

IMITATIONS.

v. 166. *And makes night hideous*.----]

“ Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous.”

Shakspeare.

v. 169. *Flow, Welsted! flow, &c.*] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill:

“ O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme:
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull:
 Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!”

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.

"Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd,
How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner."

'But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
Of sober face with learned dust besprent?"
"Right well mine eyes arede thy myster wight,
On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight,
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190

"There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

"But, where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, divinity her pipe, 196
While proud philosophy repines to shew,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below,
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach'd in vain.
O great restorer of the good old stage, 205
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
O worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!

REMARKS.

v. 199. -----*lo! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. W.

v. 204. ---*Sherlock, Hare, ---Gibson.*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose sermons and pastoral letters did honour to their country as well as stations. W.

But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl; 210
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

“ Yet, oh, my sons! a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
 'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215

A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
 But, oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,
 The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
 Content, each emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth each virtue he inspires, 220
 Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.

Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
 But “ Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.”

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole 225
 Half through the solid darkness of his soul:

But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the sire:
 “ See now what Dulness and her sons admire!
 See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
 Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.” 230

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd)
 And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
 All sudden gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war:
 Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth:
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball,
 Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world to nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.

REMARKS,

v. 212.] Of Toland and Tindal, see Book II. ver. 399. Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote, in a most insolent style, against the miracles of the gospel, in the years 1626, &c. W.

The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
 "What power, (he cries,) what powers these wonders
 wrought?" 250

"Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look and find
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
 Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
 A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls; 256
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light and sets their flames on fire. 260
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
 Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease!
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

"But lo! to dark encounter in mid air 265
 New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; 270
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

"And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown!
 Unknown to thee! these wonders are thy own.
 These fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
 Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
 In Lud's old walls, though long I rul'd renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;

REMARKS.

v. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, master of the theatre-royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way. W.

v. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise, 280
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it heav'n! that thou my Cibber, e'er
Should wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets, 290
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last,
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall slumber on,
Safe in its heaviness shall never stray, 295
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And every year be duller than the last;
Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shall join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310
Grub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head."
"Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!

" This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
 Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
 On poet's tombs see Benson's titles writ! 325
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!
 See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends;

REMARKS.

v. 325. *On poet's tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W---m Benson (surveyor of the buildings to his majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling; whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the king, against Benson for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years. W.

v. 326. ---*Ambrose Philips.*] " He was (saith Mr. Jacob) one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace." But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's *Complete Art of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 157. " Indeed, he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called *The Examiner*; a falsehood well known to those, yet living, who had the direction and publication of it. W.

v. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success: *The Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, *The What-d'ye-call it*, *Fables*, and lastly, that prodigy of fortune, *The Beggar's Opera*.

Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate; 331
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

"Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play, 335
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in port!"

"Enough! enough!" the raptur'd monarch cries!
And through the ivory gate the vision flies. 340

REMARKS.

v. 333. *Proceed, great days! &c.*---*Till Birch shall blush, &c.*] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. "The devil (saith he) licensed bishops to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen gods, their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of classics and such trumpery." Hutchinson's Use of Reason recovered. *Scrib.*

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet being in this book to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silences the muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and her universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her, that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels: presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth, and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the

study of butterflies, shells, birds-nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high-priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue; the progress and effect whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of night and chaos, conclude the poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
 Ye pow'rs! whose mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
 Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
 Then take at once the poet and the song.
 Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
 Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay; 10
 Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
 The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
 Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
 To blot out order, and extinguish light,
 Of dull and venal a new world to mold, 15
 And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
 She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
 In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
 ('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
 Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines. 20
 Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
 And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.

REMARKS.

v. 2. ---*dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the Poem. P.*

v. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order and the truth of things. P.*

Ibid. ---*a new world.*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise: this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new world, makes it partake of its original principles. P.*

There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
 There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
 His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne, 25
 And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
 Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
 Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30
 Mad Máthesis alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
 Now running round the circle, finds it square.
 But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie, 35
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye:
 There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
 The dagger, went to pierce the tyrant's breast;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age. 40
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head:
 Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When, lo! a harlot form soft sliding by, 45
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside;
 By singing peers upheld on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand; 50
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke:

"O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train;
 Joy to great Chaos! let division reign:
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
 One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;

IMITATIONS.

v. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]

"Joy to great Cæsar!"

The beginning of a famous old song.

To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore*. 60

Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah! soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:

Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands, 65
Like bold Briareus, with an hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.

Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more"—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne:
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.

None need a guide, by sure attraction led, 75
And strong impulsive gravity of head:

None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen. 80

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.

Not those alone who passive own her laws, 85
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause:

Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call.

Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
Withhold the pension, and set up the head:

Or vest dull flattery in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;

And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the muse's hypocrite. 100

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.

There mov'd Montalto with superior air; 105

His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;

Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,

Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side;

But as in graceful act, with awful eye,

Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by: 110

On two unequal crutches propt he came,

Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.

The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,

Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:

But (happy for him as the times went then) 115

Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,

On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,

To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the wits!

But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120

As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)

A new edition of old Æson gave;

Let standard-authors thus, like trophies borne,

Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.

And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade, 125

Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,

A page, a grave, that they can call their own;

REMARKS.

v. 115, &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope, in the last edition which he himself gave of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into its place, as soon as Sir T. Hanmer's Shakspeare should be published.

IMITATIONS.

v. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*]

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

Waller.

But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130

So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address. 136

Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shews fop superior complaisance.

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand; 140

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears.

O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs,
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.

All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145

Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:

The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,

And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus: "Since man from beast by words is
known,

Words are man's province, words we teach alone. 150

When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,

Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.

Plac'd at the door of learning, youth to guide,

We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155

As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,

We ply the memory, we load the brain,

Blind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,

Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,

And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,

We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:

IMITATIONS.

v. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood, &c.]*

"First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears."

Milton.

A poet the first day he dips his quill ;
 And what the last? a very poet still.
 Pity ! the charm works only in our wall, 165
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
 There truant Wyndham every muse gave o'er,
 There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
 How many Martials were in Pulteney lost! 170
 Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can,
 And South beheld that masterpiece of man."

" O (cried the goddess) for some pedant reign!
 Some gentle James, to bless the land again; 176
 To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the council to a grammar-school! 180
 For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
 O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall or reign: 186
 May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long!
 ' The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal: 190
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
 Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day:
 [Though Christ-Church long kept prudishly away]
 Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick,
 On German Crousaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

REMARKS.

v. 196. ---*still expelling Locke.*] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the university of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his letters in the last edit. P.

As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
 To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-Hall, 200
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:
 His hat, which never veil'd to human pride, 205
 Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
 Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;
 So upright quakers please both man and God.
 "Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
 Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
 Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better;
 Author of something yet more great than letter; 216
 While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*. 220
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny, may deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:

REMARKS.

v. 223, 224. Freind—Alsop.] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church.—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a
 appy imitator of the Horatian style. P.*

IMITATIONS.

v. 207. He, kingly, did but nod.]

"He, kingly, from his state
 Declin'd not."—

Milton.

v. 210. —is Aristarchus yet unknown?]

"Sic notus Ulysses?"

Virg.

"Dost thou not feel me, Rome?"

Ben Jonson

For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse, shall see
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

“ Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
 In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a Νῦς.
 Nor could a Barrow work on every block, 245
 Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
 See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
 And metaphysic-smokes involve the pole.
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read: 250
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, goddess, and about it:
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

“ What though we let some better sort of fool
 Thrid every science, run through every school? 256
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shewn
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.

REMARKS.

v. 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third an author who gave his commonplace book to the public, where we find much mince-meat of old books.

v. 245, 246. *Barrow---Atterbury.*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity---Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-church; both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies. P *

He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme. 260
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or, wed to what he must divorce, a muse:
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce:
 Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance, 265
 Shew all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level every mind:
 Then take him to develope, if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270
 But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
 Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
 Walker! our hat"—nor more he deign'd to say,
 But stern as Ajax spectre strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
 And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
 By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
 The first came forwards with an easy mien,
 As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280
 When thus th' attendant orator begun:
 "Receive, great empress! thy accomplish'd son;
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
 The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake; 285
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
 Thou gav'st that ripeness which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man;
 Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past: 290
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;

Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls : 300
 To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines :
 To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
 Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps ;
 Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd every vice on Christian ground ;
 Saw every court, heard every king declare
 His royal sense of operas or the fair ;
 The stews and palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Tried all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ; 320
 All classic learning lost on classic ground ;
 And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound !
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head ;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit, 325
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit ;

REMARKS.

v. 307. *But chief, &c.*] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

v. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps.*] The winged Lion, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce ; now illustrious for her carnivals. P.*

v. 326. --- *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays ; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book I. ver. 199, &c. P.*

Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough choose him, not undone;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more. 330
 Her too receive, (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
 Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own."

Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and the dame, 335
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever listless loiterers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend. 340
 There too, my Paridell! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.

She pitied! but her pity only shed 345
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
 False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
 Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
 Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep, 351
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
 So he, but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r:

"Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat!
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise; 360

Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
 Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold, 365
 And keep his lares, though his house be sold;

To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two." 370

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool renown'd,
 Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:

"Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? traitor base!
 Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race. 376

True, he had wit to make their value rise;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
 More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
 When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep: 380

Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
 Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,
 Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine."

"Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
 (Replied soft Annius) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the medals with the meat. 390

To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:
 There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand."

The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent; 395
 So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.

Then thick as locusts blackening all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the power,
 A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower. 400

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal
 And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: "Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great queen, and common mother of us all!
 Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower, 405
 Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower.

Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline!
 Each maid cried charming! and each youth, divine!
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411
 Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze?
 Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
 No maid cries charming! and no youth, divine!
 And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
 Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust. 416
 O punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades."
 He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
 Th' accus'd stop'd forth, and thus address'd the queen:
 "Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silvery wing 421
 Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bower 425
 The rising game, and chas'd from flower to flower.
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd; 430
 Rose or carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize; 435
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly." [parts:
 "My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.

IMITATIONS.

v. 421. *Of all the enamell'd race.*] The Poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, *Muiopotmos*.

"Of all the race of silver-winged flies
 Which do possess the empire of the air."

v. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*]

"—— I started back;
 It started back: but pleas'd I soon return'd;
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon."

But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. 440

The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake.

A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a-clock.

Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd; 445

The dull may waken to a humming-bird;

The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find

Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;

The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,

May wander in a wilderness of moss; 450

The head that turns at superlunar things,

Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

“O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!

See Nature in some partial narrow shape, 455

And let the Author of the whole escape:

Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,

To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!”

“Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,

Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark; 460

Whose pious hope aspires to see the day

When moral evidence shall quite decay,

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,

Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)

Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465

On plain experience lay foundations low,

By common sense to common knowledge bred,

And last, to Nature's cause through Nature led.

All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,

Mother of arrogance, and source of pride! 470

We nobly take the high priori road,

And reason downward, till we doubt of God:

REMARKS.

v. 452. *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

Make Nature still encroach upon his plan,
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
 Thrust some mechanic cause into his place, 475
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space:
 Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
 Make God man's image; man, the final cause;
 Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in self, and but for self be born: 480
 Of nought so certain as our reason still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
 O hide the God still more! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
 Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought, 485
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 While through poetic scenes the genius roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves; 490
 That Nature our society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores!"
 Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy sire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
 Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down; 495
 Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
 Then thus: "From priestcraft happily set free,
 Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee: 500
 First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
 Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
 Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen!
 Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:

REMARKS.

v. 492. *Silenus*.] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *Ecl.* vi. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in pension or in punk! 510
 So K*, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, O take them to thy breast! 515
 Thy Magus, goddess! shall perform the rest."

With that a wizzard old his cup extends,
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a star, and like Endymion dies: 520
 A feather, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his country, every thing,
 And nothing left but homage to a king!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs, 525
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good goddess, sent to every child
 Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild: 530
 And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
 Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
 Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
 But as the flatterer or dependant paint, 535
 Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others interest her gay livery flings,
 Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
 Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
 And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the syren sisters warble round,
 And empty heads console with empty sound.

REMARKS.

v. 517.---*his cup*---*Which whoso tastes, &c.*] The cup of self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or honour; and of the service of God or our country; all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.

No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.

Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545

Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.

How quick ambition hastes to ridicule:

The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550

Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,

And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:

The board with specious miracles he loads,

Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.

Another (for in all what one can shine?) 555

Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.

What cannot copious sacrifice atone?

Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!

With French libation, and Italian strain,

Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560

Knight lifts the head; for what are crowds undone,

To three essential partridges in one?

Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,

Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565

The queen confers her titles and degrees.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,

Who study Shakspeare at the Inns of Court,

Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profess,

Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570

Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race,

Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:

Some botanists, or florists at the least,

Or issue members of an annual feast.

Nor past the meanest unregarded, one 575

Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.

REMARKS.

v. 560. ---Bladen---Hays.] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, Cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)---These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables, frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by Princes of the blood of France.

P.*

The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.

Then, blessing all, "Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair. 580

All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace: 585

With staff and pumps the marquis leads the race;
From stage to stage the licens'd earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the sun;
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line; 590

The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;
The senator at cricket urge the ball;
The bishop, stow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye;
The sturdy squires to Gallic masters stoop, 595

And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more; 600

And nobly-conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!"

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods:
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods? 606

Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd)
Then catch'd the schools; the hall scarce kept awake;
The convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610

Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm:
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:

The vapour mild o'er each committee crept; 615
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;

And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O Muse! relate, (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none,) 620
Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and intrance the dull; [wrong—
Till drown'd was sense and shame, and right, and
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song! 626

* * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old! 630
Before her, fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain, 635
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night. 640
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of metaphysic begs defence, 645
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!
See mystery to mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires. 650
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall; 655
And universal darkness buries all.

INDEX

OF PERSONS AND MATTERS

Celebrated in
THIS POEM AND NOTES.

The Numerals shew the Book.---The Figures the Verse.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>AMBROSE Philips, i. 105. iii. 326.
 Attila, iii. 92.
 Alaric, iii. 91.
 Alma Mater, iii. 338.
 Annius, an antiquary, iv. 347.
 Arnall, William, ii. 315.</p> <p>Blackmore, Sir Richard, i. 104. ii. 268.
 Bezaleel, Morris, ii. 126. iii. 168.
 Banks, i. 146.
 Broome, <i>ibid.</i>
 Bond, ii. 126.
 Brown, iii. 28.
 Bladen, iv. 560.
 Budgel, Esq. ii. 397.
 Bentley, Richard, iv. 201.
 Bentley, Thomas, ii. 205.
 Boyer, Abel, ii. 413.
 Bland, a Gazetteer, i. 231.
 Breval, J. Durant, ii. 126, 238.
 Benlowes, iii. 21.
 Bavius, iii. 21.
 Burmannus, iv. 237.
 Benson, William, Esq. iii. 325. iv. 10.
 Burgersdyck, iv. 198.
 Bæotians, iii. 50.
 Bruin and Bears, i. 101.
 Bear and Fiddle, i. 224.</p> <p>Cibber, Colley, Hero of the Poem, <i>passim.</i>
 Cibber, jun. iii. 139, 326.
 Caxton, William, i. 149.
 Curl, Edm. i. 40. ii. 3, 58, 167, &c.
 Cooke, Thomas, ii. 138.
 Concanen, Matthew, ii. 299.
 Centlivre, Susannah, ii. 411.
 Cæsar in Egypt, i. 251.
 Chi Ko-amti, Emperor of China, iii. 75.
 Crousaz, iv. 198.
 Codrus, ii. 144.</p> | <p>De Foe, Daniel, i. 103. ii. 147.
 De Foe, Norton, ii. 415.
 De Lyra, or Harpsfield, i. 153.
 Dennis, John, i. 106. ii. 239. iii. 173.
 Dunton, John, ii. 144.
 D'Urfey, iii. 146.
 Dutchmen, ii. 405. iii. 51.
 Doctors, at White's, i. 203.
 Douglas, iv. 394.</p> <p>Eusden, Laurence, Poet Laureate, i. 104.
 Eliza Haywood, ii. 157, &c.</p> <p>Fleckno, Richard, ii. 2.
 Faustus, Dr. iii. 233.
 Fleetwood, iv. 326.
 Free-Masons, iv. 576.
 French Cooks, iv. 553.</p> <p>Gildon, Charles, i. 296.
 Goode, Barn. iii. 153.
 Goths, iii. 90.
 Gazetteers, i. 215. ii. 314.
 Gregorians and Gormogons, iv. 575.</p> <p>Holland, Philemon, i. 154.
 Hearne, Thomas, iii. 185.
 Horneck, Philip, iii. 152.
 Haywood, Eliza, ii. 157, &c.
 Howard, Edward, i. 297.
 Henley, John, the Orator, ii. 2, 425. iii. 199, &c.
 Huns, iii. 90.
 Heywood, John, i. 98.
 Harpsfield, i. 153.
 Hays, iv. 560.</p> <p>John, King, i. 252.
 James I. iv. 176.
 Jacob, Giles, iii. 149.
 Jansen, a Gamester, iv. 326.</p> <p>Knight, Robert, iv. 561.</p> |
|---|--|

Kuster, iv. 237.

Lintot, Bernard, i. 40. ii. 53.

Law, William, ii. 413.

Log, King, i. line ult.

Moore, James, ii. 50, &c.

Morris, Bezaleel, ii. 126. iii. 168.

Mist, Nathaniel, i. 208.

Milbourn, Luke, ii. 349.

Mahomet, iii. 97.

Mears, William, ii. 125. iii. 28.

Motteux, Peter, ii. 412.

Monks, iii. 52.

Mandeville, ii. 414.

Morgan, *ibid.*

Montalto, iv. 105.

Mummius, an Antiquary, iv. 371.

Newcastle, Duchess of, i. 141.

Nonjuror, i. 253.

Ogilvy, John, i. 141, 328.

Oldmixon, John, ii. 283.

Ozell, John, i. 285.

Omar, the Caliph, iii. 81.

Ostrogoths, iii. 93.

Owls, i. 271, 290. iii. 54.

----- Athenian, iv. 362.

Osborne, Bookseller, ii. 167.

----- Mother, ii. 312.

Prynn, William, i. 103.

Philips, Ambrose, i. 105. iii. 326.

Paridell, iv. 341.

Quarles, Francis, i. 140.

Querno, Camillo, ii. 15.

Ralph, James, i. 216. iii. 165.

Roome, Edward, iii. 152.

Ridley, Thomas, iii. 327.

Ridpath, George, i. 208. ii. 149.

Roper, Abel, ii. 149.

Rich, iii. 261.

Settle, Elkanah, i. 90, 146. iii. 37.

Smedley, Jonathan, ii. 291, &c.

Shadwell, Thomas, i. 240. iii. 22.

Scholiasts, iv. 232.

Silenus, iv. 492.

Sooterkins, i. 126.

Tate, i. 105, 238.

Theobald, or Tibbald, i. 133, 286.

Tutchin, John, ii. 148.

Toland, John, ii. 399. iii. 212.

Tindal, Dr. ii. 399. iii. 212, 492.

Taylor, John, the Water-Poet,
iii. 19.

Vandals, iii. 86.

Visigoths, iii. 94.

Walpole, [late Sir Robert] praised
by our Author, ii. 314.

Withers, George, i. 296.

Wynkyn de Worde, i. 149.

Ward, Edw. i. 233. iii. 34.

Webster, ii. 258.

Whitefield, *ibid.*

Warner, Thomas, ii. 125.

Wilkins, *ibid.*

Welsted, Leonard, ii. 207. iii. 170.

Woolston, Thomas, iii. 212.

Wormius, iii. 188.

Wasse, iv. 237.

Walker, hat-bearer to Bentley,
iv. 206, 273.

CONTENTS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

	Page
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot	5
Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace imitated	17
Satires of Dr. Donne versified	66
Epilogue to the Satires	77

ODES.

Ode on St. Cecilia's Day	88
— on Solitude	91
— The Dying Christian to his Soul	92
Two Choruses to the Tragedy of Brutus	93

EPISTLES.

To Robert Earl of Oxford. 1721	96
To James Craggs, Esq.	97
To Mr. Addison	ib.
To Mr. Jervas	99
To Miss Blount, with Voiture's Works. 1717	102
To the same, on her leaving Town after the Co- ronation. 1715	104
To Mr. John Moore, Author of the celebrated Worm-powder	105
To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-day	106
To Mr. T. Southern, on his Birth-day. 1742	107
EPITAPHS	108

MISCELLANIES.

Eloisa to Abelard	115
Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady	124
The Basset-table. An Eclogue	127
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato	130
— to a Play for Mr. Dennis's Benefit. 1733	131
Epilogue to Mr. Rowe's Jane Shore	132
Stanzas to Lady Frances Shirley	133
Song by a Person of Quality. 1733	134
Macer. A Character	135
On a certain Lady at Court	136

Verbatim from Boileau	137
Answer to a Question of Mrs. Howe	ib.
Occasioned by some Verses of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham	ib.
On his Grotto at Twickenham	138

THE DUNCIAD.

A Letter to the Publisher, occasioned by the first correct Edition of the Dunciad	139
Martinus Scriblerus his Prolegomena and Illus- trations to the Dunciad; with the Hypercritics of Aristarchus	147
Testimonies of Authors concerning the Poet and his Works	148
Martinus Scriblerus of the Poem	170
Ricardus Aristarchus of the Hero of the Poem	175
Preface prefixed to the Five first imperfect Edi- tions of the Dunciad	186
A List of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which Mr. P. was abused before the Publication of the Dunciad, with the true Names of the Authors	190
Advertisement to the first Edition with Notes, in 4to, 1729	195
Advertisement to the first Edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed separately, 1742	196
Advertisement to the complete Edition of 1743	197
Advertisement printed in the Journals, 1730	198
By Authority	199
By the Author, a Declaration	200
The Dunciad. To Dr. Swift. Book I.	201
————— To Ditto . . Book II.	214
————— To Ditto . . Book III.	233
————— To Ditto . . Book IV.	245
Index of Persons and Matters	265

THE END.

Printed by R. McDonald,
R. Green-Arbour Court.

**Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München**



Pope, Alexander,

The poetical works with his last corrections, additions and improvements ;
with the life of the author ; embellished with superb engravings

Bd.: Vol. 2

London [1807]

P.o.angl. 609 t-2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10753643-0